The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July, *in the* August *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Our readers will learn with the utmost satisfaction that there is to be a new edition of Jane Austen's works, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. We understand that Mr. George Allen originally arranged with Mr. Thomson to illustrate 'Pride and Prejudice,' and that subsequently Messrs. Macmillan engaged Mr. Thomson to complete the series. The novels will be issued in single volumes.

Scarcely less welcome is the announcement which we are able to make of a complete edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's poems. Much hitherto unpublished matter will be included. The volume will be illustrated with etchings by Lalauze, of Paris, and some copies will be issued with the plates in two states. This very handsome and desirable edition of Mr. Dobson's charming work will be published in the autumn.

Mr. Norman Gale is preparing an anthology based on a very novel and remarkable principle. It is to be a selection from the works of living poets *under forty years of age.* Mr. Gale and his publishers must make haste.

Mr. Saintsbury is preparing a new volume of essays, to which he will give the title of 'Corrected Impressions.' Among the subjects will be Thackeray and Carlyle. The volume will be published by Mr. Heinemann.

The novel, 'A Modern Heretic,' published anonymously by Messrs. James Clarke and Co., is said to be written by the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, of the Congregational Church, Kensington.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the author of 'Social Evolution,' will criticise Professor Drummond's new work on 'The Ascent of Man' in the *Expositor* for July.

A rival is to be started to the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.* The promoters aim at raising a capital of £50,000.

Mr. Max Pemberton is making studies for a historical novel dealing with Venice.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish Mr. S. R. Crockett's new story, 'Mad Sir Ughtred of the Hills.' About one-third of it has already appeared in the *St. James's Gazette.* Mr. Unwin has also made arrangements to publish Mr. Crockett's novel 'The Lilac Sun Bonnet' on September 15th. It will probably be a six shilling volume. The sale of 'The Raiders' has been very large in this country, and even larger in America.

One of the most magnificent catalogues ever published in any language is being prepared by our esteemed contributor, Mr. Thomas J. Wise. The title is 'A Catalogue of the Ashley Library,' which is the name Mr. Wise gives to his own unrivalled collection of books and manuscripts. It will be magnificently printed, copiously illustrated with pictures and facsimiles, and, above all, full of bibliographical and literary notes. In fact it will be one of the greatest helps that the literary historian of this period has ever received; and we hope Mr. Wise may be induced to make a few copies at least accessible to the public. It contains some remarkably racy reading about the frauds of booksellers. We hope to be forgiven for extracting the following paragraph from a letter by Mr. Swinburne on John Camden Hotten: "The moral character of the worthy Mr. Hotten was—I was about very inaccurately to say—ambiguous. He was a serviceable sort of fellow in his way, but decidedly what Dr. Johnson would have called 'a shady lot,' and Lord Chesterfield 'a rum customer.' When I heard that he died of a surfeit of pork chops, I observed that this was a serious argument against my friend Sir Richard Burton's views of cannibalism as a wholesome and natural method of diet."

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new novel, which will be begun as a serial in the *Illustrated London News* in July, is at present entitled 'A Flash of Summer.'

Mr. Stanley Weyman is writing a series of short stories, to which he has given the general title of 'The Memoirs of a Statesman.'

We understand that Mr. Thomas Hardy's excellent little play, "The Three Wayfarers," is to be reproduced at the Avenue Theatre. Along with it will be given a new one-act play by Mr. W. B. Yeats.

The death of Professor Henry Morley removes a useful and strenuous pioneer in the cause of popular education. Professor Morley's indomitable industry and genuine kindliness of character made him more successful as a professor than many men of much greater gifts and learning. He did much to popularise the English classics. Perhaps, indeed, few men of his generation have used their talents

better. It would be idle, indeed, to pretend that any of his literary work is of permanent value. He was not a scholar, and he neither understood nor practised the scholar's methods. Perhaps the very worst thing he ever wrote was his contribution on English literature to Baron Tauchnitz's English Library. It appeared as the two thousandth volume, and, in its original form, contained almost every kind of error which could enter such a book.

Prebendary Kinsman, of Tintagel, who has recently died at an advanced age, was one of the most striking personalities in Cornwall. With the exception of Mr. Henry Sewell Stokes, he was the most venerable figure among Cornish literary men. He was an intimate friend of Robert Stephen Hawker and William Maskell, of Alfred Tennyson, and last, not least, of John Douglas Cook, the founder and first editor of the *Saturday Review*. Prebendary Kinsman was a man of eminently charitable disposition, and never had anything but good to say of his famous associates. He wrote very little—a few contributions to periodicals, and one or two memoirs in the Dictionary of National Biography. But he was always ready to share his great knowledge with any enquirer, and has thus indirectly contributed a good deal to literature.

It is not our business here to speak of Mr. Edmund Yates' career as a society journalist, nor is it likely that he will establish a claim to permanent reputation as a novelist, though some of his stories are excellent of their kind. He has, however, written one book which will live—a sound and permanent contribution to literary history. His reminiscences give the most accurate, complete, and thorough account available of the band of young writers who grew up under the great shadows of Dickens and Thackeray. In fact, with the exception of Mr. Espinasse's Literary Recollections, the book is alone in its field. With the newer world of literature, Mr. Yates had less relation. For him, the great writers ceased with Dickens. In Mr. Yates' contributions to the *World*, some chapters will be found which should be added to a new edition of his reminiscences; in particular, his paper on Anthony Trollope, whom he knew very intimately, is by far the most vivid to be found anywhere, and is much too good to be buried in the columns of a Society journal.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is to reside during the summer at Tisbury, Wilts.

Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. have issued the first part of *Bibliographica*, their new magazine of bibliography. It is a large imperial octavo of 128 pages, boldly and handsomely printed upon hand-made paper, and embellished with several illustrations, one of which, a reduced facsimile of Grolier's copy of Celsus' 'De Medicina,' is eminently successful.

The contents are of considerable interest, and of a sufficiently diverse character, but only four out of the ten articles can have any pretence to be styled "bibliography." Light gossip, or a general chat upon any theme connected with bookish subjects, is of course attractive, and affords pleasant reading to such persons as take delight in anything bearing upon the history and preservation of books. But is this bibliography? We think not. Bibliography has now become an exact science, and any work produced in its name or under its influence must be prepared with the utmost exactitude and precision. Mere generalisms, however interesting they may be, are distinctly Biblio*ana* and not Biblio*graphy*. Mr. Alfred W. Pollard's essay on "The Books of Hours of Geoffroy Troy" is the most important contribution to the present part. Mr. R. Proctor's account of "The Accipies Woodcut" is also a highly satisfactory paper; but the brief notice of the Catalogue of the Library of Mr. Edmund Gosse only serves to increase our desire for further information regarding that extensive collection of eighteenth century rarities. We wish the venture every success.

June 1894 ought to be long-remembered by bookmen, for during this month Messrs. Sotheby will hold two sales of very considerable importance. The first is that of the library of the late Mr. Frederick Burgess, of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, who for many years made the collection of the works of Cruikshank, Dickens, Ruskin, and Thackeray an especial feature; his series of original editions of Thackeray, in particular, is the finest that has come to the hammer since the Mackenzie sale three or four years ago.

Amongst the scarcer volumes are first editions of Grimm's 'German Popular Stories,' 1826, with Cruikshank's etchings; Dickens's 'Village Coquettes,' 1836; 'Sunday under Three Heads,' 1836; and 'The Strange Gentleman,' 1837; Leigh Hunt's 'Christianism,' 1832; and 'Ultra Crepidarius,' 1823; Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' 'Stones of Venice,' and 'King of the Golden River,' 1851; and Thackeray's 'Paris Sketch-Book,' 1840; 'Second Funeral of Napoleon,' 1841; and 'Flore et Zephyr,' 1836. Of the latter book we recorded last month that a copy had realised the sum of £99; it will be interesting to see whether this apparently enormous price can still be sustained.

The second sale is that of the books and manuscripts selected from the library of Mr. Birket Foster. Many of these volumes are of the extremest rarity, such as occur for sale about once in a decade, perhaps even less frequently. Unfortunately the general condition of the books is not fine, and this will have a very marked effect upon the amount they realise. Among them may be mentioned Allot's 'England's Parnassus,' 1600, *with Ben Jonson's autograph upon the title;* Goldsmith's 'Poems and Plays,' 1777; Herrick's 'Hesperides,' 1648; Shakespeare's 'Poems,' 1640; 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1600; 'Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice,' 1600; 'First Part of the True and Honourable History of the Life of Sir John Old-Castle, the good Lord Cobham,' 1600; 'The True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear, and his Three Daughters,' 1608; and 'Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth,' 1608; Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' 1590; Spenser's 'Fairie Queen,' 1590-90; 'Colin Clout's Come Home again,' 1595; and 'Complaints,' 1591; Sir John Froyssart's 'Cronycles of Englande,' 1525; Suckling's 'Fragmenta Aura,' 1646; Caxton's 'Myrrour of the World,' 1491; 'Lycophronis Alexandra,' 1601, *with Milton's autograph upon the fly-leaf;* and

Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' 1770. The sale will also include the manuscript of Scott's 'Anne of Geierstein,' and fragments of the manuscripts of 'Waverley' and 'Ivanhoe.'

Miss Ethel Arnold, author of 'Platonics,' is to write a new novel.

A singularly beautiful two-volume edition of Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities' is being prepared in America. It is illustrated by the Boston artist, Mr. Garrett. We have seen some of the illustrations; they are excellent; and if, as we expect, arrangements be made for issuing the book in this country, we believe it will have a large circulation.

Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish an American novel entitled 'A Daughter of this World.' The author is Mr. Fletcher Battershall, son of the Rev. Dr. Battershall, Episcopal clergyman of Albany. Mr. Battershall is a young man, even as authors go, having attained the mature age of twenty.

An edition of 'The Memoirs of the De Goncourt Brothers,' with some interesting original illustrations, will appear in the autumn.

The books of Pierre Delano about the Empress Eugenie, Napoleon III., and the Prince Imperial are fairly well known in France. They are gossipy, but not scandalous, and are based upon new facts and documents. Arrangements have been made for translating the volume on the Empress Eugenie, and if it is successful, the others will follow.

An interesting memorial of the famous American actor Jefferson will shortly appear. It will be a reprint of the play of 'Rip Van Winkle' as now given by Jefferson, abundantly illustrated with portraits and scenes from the play. It will contain several reproductions of landscapes by Jefferson's own hand—scenes from the Catskill Mountains—and will be prefaced by a sketch of the play and his connection with it.

Messrs. Hatchards, of Piccadilly, are issuing a monthly circular called 'The Books of To-day and the Books of To-morrow.' It is done with considerable spirit, originality, and style. Each number contains one startling literary announcement. We have been told that Macaulay's journal is to be published in complete form, and that Mr. Jowett was in the habit of boswellising his friends, and that his ample notes of the conversation of others in his presence are to be given to the world. It would appear then that when the Master of Balliol was not talking, he was listening.

Mr. W. D. Howells, in the literary reminiscences he is now publishing, says that he cannot now read 'The Pickwick Papers' and 'Nicholas Nickleby' with any sort of patience, not to speak of pleasure. He has been reading 'Martin Chuzzlewit' again, and "found it roughly true in the passages that referred to America, though it was surcharged in the serious moods, and caricatured in the comic. The English are always inadequate observers, they seem too full of themselves to have eyes and ears for any alien people. But as far as an Englishman could, Dickens had caught the look of our life in certain aspects."

Miss Beatrice Harraden has been interviewed in New York. She says that she wrote 'Ships that Pass in the Night' in six months, and never altered a word. Bernardine, the heroine, is the authoress, but, as Miss Harraden says, nothing in books, paintings, or photography is just like life. "I admit that I posed for myself. Bernardine is partly I; the best parts I took from another study." She spoke strongly in favour of female suffrage. "There should be no more sex in politics than exists in literature or art. I do not look for any great industrial benefits from universal suffrage, but the propertied class of the community of women will certainly have advantages. They indirectly will help the working women. Intelligent women are not scarce any more, and I would like to know if the ballot in the hands of the intelligent woman could be as mischievous as in the hands of our yokels, or your pauper emigrants. As always happens at the start, there may be a few mistakes at the beginning, but I believe that the balance will be struck and things will not only run smoothly, but more smoothly after the establishment of universal suffrage." Miss Harraden has gone to California, to visit the lady and gentleman to whom her best known book is dedicated.

Mr. George Gregory, bookseller, of Bath, has bought a great manuscript work on Monumental and Armorial Heraldry, compiled by the late Rev. J. W. Sperling, formerly rector of Wicken Bonant, Essex. It contains upwards of forty thousand shields and coats of arms, all of which are beautifully illuminated in colours, many being full page quarto size, copied from painted glass and monuments in the various counties of Somerset and neighbourhood, Devon, Hants, Cambs, Essex, Suffolk, Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, with full genealogical notes and heraldic descriptions, copious indices of arms, churches, and parishes. This work, in twenty-four volumes, representing thirty-seven years labour, was sold for eighteen guineas, and we believe may now be had for one hundred guineas.

Mr. James Payn, in an American paper, has been making some interesting remarks on Charles Kingsley. Mr. Payn says:—

For myself I know my Kingsley well, was among the first, though a very youthful critic, to recognise the striking merits of 'Yeast' when it appeared in *Fraser*; but I find the present generation know very little about him. As a describer of scenery, notably of North Devon, he seemed to me unrivalled; but as a story-teller he was inferior to his brother. Nothing he ever wrote equalled 'Geoffrey Hamlyn' for vigour and dramatic interest; but while he lived Charles cast Henry in the shade. Now, I think, matters are reversed. It is difficult to put one's self back into the position of one who reads this or that book for the first time. The chance only occurs through illness, and the stage of convalescence is not a fair substitute for youth and literary appetite. We may believe that we have forgotten a novel, but it is not really so; and what remembrance is left of it detracts from its dramatic interest. The intellectual palate is given to change. I sat down—nay, lay down, for I had not yet risen from a bed of sickness—to 'Alton Locke' the other day. I thought it would be a treat, as it used to be, and I found it inexpressibly tedious. The socialistic reflections with which it is so copiously interlarded are now no longer new, though its author was the first to make

them. My own experience therefore, combined with what I hear —or rather with what I do not hear—from my younger friends, makes me doubt whether that million of Kingsley's works, even if bought, has been read.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co. will issue shortly a single volume edition of 'The Way of Transgressors,' by E. Rentoul Esler. Baron Tauchnitz has now in the press a Continental edition of this author's Village Idylls, 'The Way They Loved at Grimpat.'

Amongst the Americans in this country at the present time is Mr. Edward Bok, the editor and part proprietor of that highly successful periodical for women, the *Philadelphia Lady's Home Journal.*

Its circulation is no less than 700,000 copies a month, and it will be a revelation to most magazine proprietors in this country to hear that for advertisements the proprietors receive sixteen dollars (over three pounds) a line, or £600 a page.

A feature of the paper is that any of its subscribers can write to the editor for information on any conceivable subject, and rely on receiving it within the course of a post or two.

We hear that early next month the *Pall Mall Budget* will be greatly enlarged and improved.

The book trade in Australia will take some time to get over the recent troubles. When we hear from a correspondent that there are from 14,000 to 16,000 good houses in Melbourne at present standing empty, the owners having been reduced to poverty, it is not difficult to understand why such luxuries as books are not bought.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new story is entitled 'The Heart of the World.' It will run its serial course in *Fearson's Weekly.*

The proprietors of *Answers* will start very soon a monthly magazine which will be entitled *The London Magazine.*

The circulation of the *Forum* has risen from 16,000 to 46,000 a month, as the result of the reduction of the price from fifty cents to twenty-five cents a number. The American News Company's order for the May number was 25,000 copies. Formerly the News Company took 6,000 copies each month.

Mr. J. M. Stoddart, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, has resigned.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

APRIL 23 TO MAY 19, 1894.

The trade of the past month has upon the whole been good, and at times brisk, but the returns are not satisfactory. This is the complaint with kindred trades generally, and with the paper trade in particular, owing to the extremely low prices, due to foreign competition. At the moment of writing the week is finishing well, so far as the number of orders is concerned, but the reservation made above as to the bulk still applies nevertheless. Fancy one hundred copies of a publication costing three shillings!

Of late years a very marked change is noticeable in the caligraphy of orders received from the country. Many appear to be written by little more than children, and the orthography is crude, not to use a stronger term. Considerable difficulty is frequently experienced in reading the various titles as they transcribe them; but, after all, the bookseller really cannot afford, in most instances, to pay a competent assistant.

The issue of a sounder literature for boys, in a popular form, has had a deterrent effect on the sale of what may be called "blood and thunder" books. Such issues as the *Boy's Own Paper*, *Chums*, *Boys*, etc., and books such as R. T. S., Hodder, Low, and others have brought out, must take credit for this state of things. Little of this pernicious literature is now ordered through the wholesale bookseller, but enquiry has elicited the fact that very large quantities are still in request through the wholesale newsvendors.

The issue of books at a net published price still continues, although there has been some difficulty in inducing all the retail booksellers to sell them without giving discount. This want of unanimity is much to be deplored.

No report of the wholesale trade can be considered complete without reference to Dent's Temple Shakespeare, which comprises the plays in forty volumes. Two volumes are issued monthly at 1s. each, net. Its reception has been very favourable, the demand for the first volume being well repeated in each issue.

Owing, doubtless, to the advance of elementary education, the old 'Dream Book and Fortune Teller' is very seldom enquired for. Strange to relate, 'Prophetic Almanacs' sell very freely when ready in the autumn.

The delightful edition of the writings of Black, Blackmore, Clark Russell, and others issued by Messrs. Low and Co., at 2s. 6d., are still selling well. No bookseller can make bad stock of these; their popularity is perennial.

It is curious to note how writers of fiction, so far at least as the titles of their productions are concerned, appear to keep in sight the marriage ceremony. During the last few weeks one has passed the following titles:

Husband (The) of One Wife.
Sweetheart and Wife.
Story of my Two Wives.
His Wife by Force.
Was it Wise to Change?
For Better, for Worse.
Foolish Marriage (A).
Mad or Married.
Marriage Ceremony (A).

Rumours are afloat to the effect that great difficulty is experienced by the country bookseller in obtaining payment from his credit customers. He dares not press for payment, as he knows not how many others he may offend in so doing, and as to taking proceedings, such a course would probably ruin his business. None but those who have had experience in a country establishment can fully understand the state of affairs.

The public demand for novels is as great as ever. A new work by the author of 'Ships that Pass in the Night' has been favourably received. The accompanying list of the principal works enquired for will give a general idea of the people's palate for literature. Many of the books have appeared in previous lists, but the demand is still such that they cannot be omitted:

In Varying Moods. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Ships that Pass in the Night. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Heavenly Twins (The). By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net.
Tennyson. By Stopford A. Brooke. 7s. 6d.
Esther Waters. By George Moore. 6s.
Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
Raiders (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Our Manifold Nature. By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Prisoner (The) of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Lombard Street in Lent. 3s. 6d.
Rebel Queen (The). By W. Besant. 3s. 6d.
Beginner (A). By R. Broughton. 6s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

Week ending
April 28.—Opened quiet and improved towards middle, but dropped and closed quiet. Colonial and foreign markets a little better.
May 5.—Commenced better, and after fluctuating during the week, closed well. Colonial and foreign unchanged, but steady.
May 12.—Began very briskly and continued with slight drop towards end, but rallied and ended well Colonial and foreign steady.
May 19.—After the holiday trade was decidedly lighter, and the whole week was a light one, improving, however, towards the close. Colonies unchanged, Japan better, and general foreign steady.

BOOK PRICES CURRENT.

A recent sale of some importance was that of the second portion of the library of the late Rev. W. E. Buckley, M.A., which occupied Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge from the 16th to the 28th of April, twelve days in all. It will be remembered that the first portion of this extensive collection was dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby on February 27th, 1893, and nine succeeding days, and was rendered notable by the edition of the Columbus letter (known as the "thirty-three line edition") printed at Rome in 1493, which sold for £315. The portion of Mr. Buckley's books just sold numbered 4,358 lots; but the majority of the volumes were utterly uninteresting, and the prices obtained were consequently small. However, scattered here and there throughout the catalogue were a few items of importance, which realised good prices. The following are worth recording:—

A'Kempis (Thomas). Libri de Christi Imitatione IV., Editio Princeps, printed in a fine large Gothic type, without marks, capitals rubricated, half bound, fine copy. [Aug. Vind.] Gunther Zainer, s. a. (circa 1471). £20 5s.

Aristotelis Opera et Theophrastus de Historia et de Causis Plantarum, etc., Græce, 5 vols. in 7. First edition, very fine copy, many of the initial letters and borders richly illuminated in gold and colours. Green morocco extra, g. e. by C. Lewis, with Aldine anchor in gold on sides. Venetiis, Aldus, 1495-98. £30 (Sir J. Thorold's copy, in similar state, sold for £51.)

Bewick. History of British Birds. First edition, on large paper, 2 vols., 1794-1804, also the Supplement of 1821. Uncut in the original boards. The "Birds" was of the earliest issue, the cancelled cut being in original state. £15 15s.

Blake (W.). Young's Night Thoughts, with border illustrations by Blake. Uncut in a cheap half-binding, but containing the rare leaf of "explanation," 1797. £7 15s.

Burns (Robert). Poems in the Scottish Dialect, 8vo, Edinburgh, 1787. A cut copy, but having inserted six verses in the poet's handwriting. £12 15s.

Byron (Lord). Horace, edited by W. Baxter, 1725. £13 15s.
[A most interesting relic, the book having been given to the poet by his friend C. S. Matthews, who was drowned while bathing in the Cam on Aug. 7th, 1811. Upon the fly-leaf was the following inscription in Lord Byron's handwriting:—"Byron. A gift from Charles S. Matthews. Poor Mat! I would have risked my paltry life to have preserved yours. You were among those few who rendered my existence tolerable. Newstead Abbey, Aug. 11, 1811."]

Carte (T.) General History of England, 4 vols., large paper, folio; a very fine copy in old Russia, 1747-55.
[This is a good example of a class of books which during the last century were very popular, and were produced in considerable numbers. Well printed and handsomely got up, they were accounted "standard literature," and sold at large prices. They are now quite out of date, and are entirely neglected, being utterly useless either to the student or the collector. This identical copy produced £15 4s. 6d. in Sir M. Sykes's sale; Messrs. Sotheby sold it for 16s. !]

Chaucer Society's Publications, The. 75 parts 8vo, and 19 parts 4to. £15 10s.

Cocker (E.). Decimal Arithmetick, first edition, 1685. A clean copy in old calf. £1 13s.

Columna (Fr.) La Hypnerotomachia di Poliphilo, cioe Pugne d'Amore in Sogno, etc., numerous spirited woodcuts (the Priapus unsoiled), old vellum. Venet. Aldo, 1545. £6 10s.

Coleridge (S. T.) Ode on the Departing Year. 4to, Bristol, 1796. Also Fears in Solitude, 4to, London, 1798. Both clean and uncut; bound in a volume with other pamphlets. £21 10s.
[The "Ode on the Departing Year" is by far the rarest of the first editions of the poems of Coleridge. Only some three or four other examples are known to exist, and this is the first absolutely uncut specimen that has yet come to light. There is no record of any copy having been sold previously, either privately or by auction, so the above price may be considered decidedly moderate. Of the "Fears in Solitude," also, no other entirely uncut example is known, although it is by no means so rare a book as the "Ode." Among the other pamphlets contained in the volume was a poor and much damaged copy of Wordsworth's "Evening Walk," 4to, London, 1793.]

D'Anville (J. B. B.). Notice de l'Ancienne Gaulle, tirée des Monumens Romains, portrait and map, with MS. translation of the Latin names of places into their modern equivalents (pages 740-52), said to be in the handwriting of Thos. Gray, the poet. Calf gilt, red edges, by Clarke and Bedford. Paris, Dessaint, 1760.
[The notes were decidedly *not* in Gray's handwriting, and the book was therefore sold upon its merits. It realised £4 4s.]

Della Bella (Stefano). Original Drawings (14) in tints and colours, of the Entry of the Polish Ambassador into Rome in 1633; and 6 original impressions of the Engravings representing the same entry, engraved by Della Bella, inserted in a folio vol. £36.

T. J. WISE.

POETRY.

THE SAINT AND THE SATYR.

Saint Anthony the eremite
He wandered in the wold,
And there he saw an unblest wight
That blew his hands for cold.

'Twas neither man nor brute, although
It seemed to both akin.
"What dost thou here, in dool and woe,
Thou Christless thing of sin?"

"Lorn in the wold," the thing replied,
"I sit and make my moan,
For all the gods I loved have died,
And I am left alone.

Silent in Paphos Venus sleeps,
And Jove on Ida mute;
And every living creature weeps
Pan and his perished flute.

The Faun, his laughing heart is broke,
The nymph, her fountain fails;
And driven from out the hollow oak
The Hamadryad wails.

A God more beautiful than mine
Hath conquered mine, they say.—
Ah, to that fair young God of thine,
For me I pray thee pray!"

WILLIAM WATSON.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. BENJAMIN KIDD.

MR. BENJAMIN KIDD has been for years a writer of weighty and thoughtful articles on scientific subjects in the leading reviews, but until the publication a few months ago of 'Social Evolution,' reviewed by Dr. Marcus Dods in the April BOOKMAN, his name was practically unknown. For all interested in science, sociology, and religious questions, it is unquestionably the book of the year, and is likely to have more than a mere temporary influence on the social controversy.

Mr. Kidd is employed in the Civil Service. He is still young, thirty-five, and though 'Social Evolution' is his first work of any length, his record in scientific study and research is already considerable. Articles from his pen, not all of them signed, have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, *Review of Reviews*, the *English Illustrated*, *Cornhill*, *Longman's*, and other magazines and reviews.

His book was begun nearly six years ago, and he worked at it continuously, that is, he did something on the subject every day. A good many of the ideas which he subsequently followed up and eventually developed, came to him from a prolonged study of colonies of social insects. For years Mr. Kidd kept several colonies of both bees and ants in his former rooms in a central part of London. The subject has been of keen interest to him all his life. A comparative study, he found, brought out the fact that social efficiency amongst the social insects is purchased at the expense of the gradual specialisation, subordination, and degeneration of the individual. In some species this produces extraordinary limits and produces a remarkable series of phenomena. A new and special factor, however, is introduced in human society, the reason of the individual leading him to resist the tendency to subordination. Hence arises a large class of phenomena quite special to human society.

Mr. Kidd followed the Weismann controversy from the beginning with great interest, and almost from the outset saw that it must have a most profound influence on our social philosophy. His views on the subject were contributed to the *Review of Reviews*. Four years ago he saw Dr. Weismann at his house in Freiburg, in Baden, and had a long and interesting interview with him. The great German scientist is now taking an interest in the German translation of Mr. Kidd's book.

THE READER.

MR. SWINBURNE'S 'ASTROPHEL.'

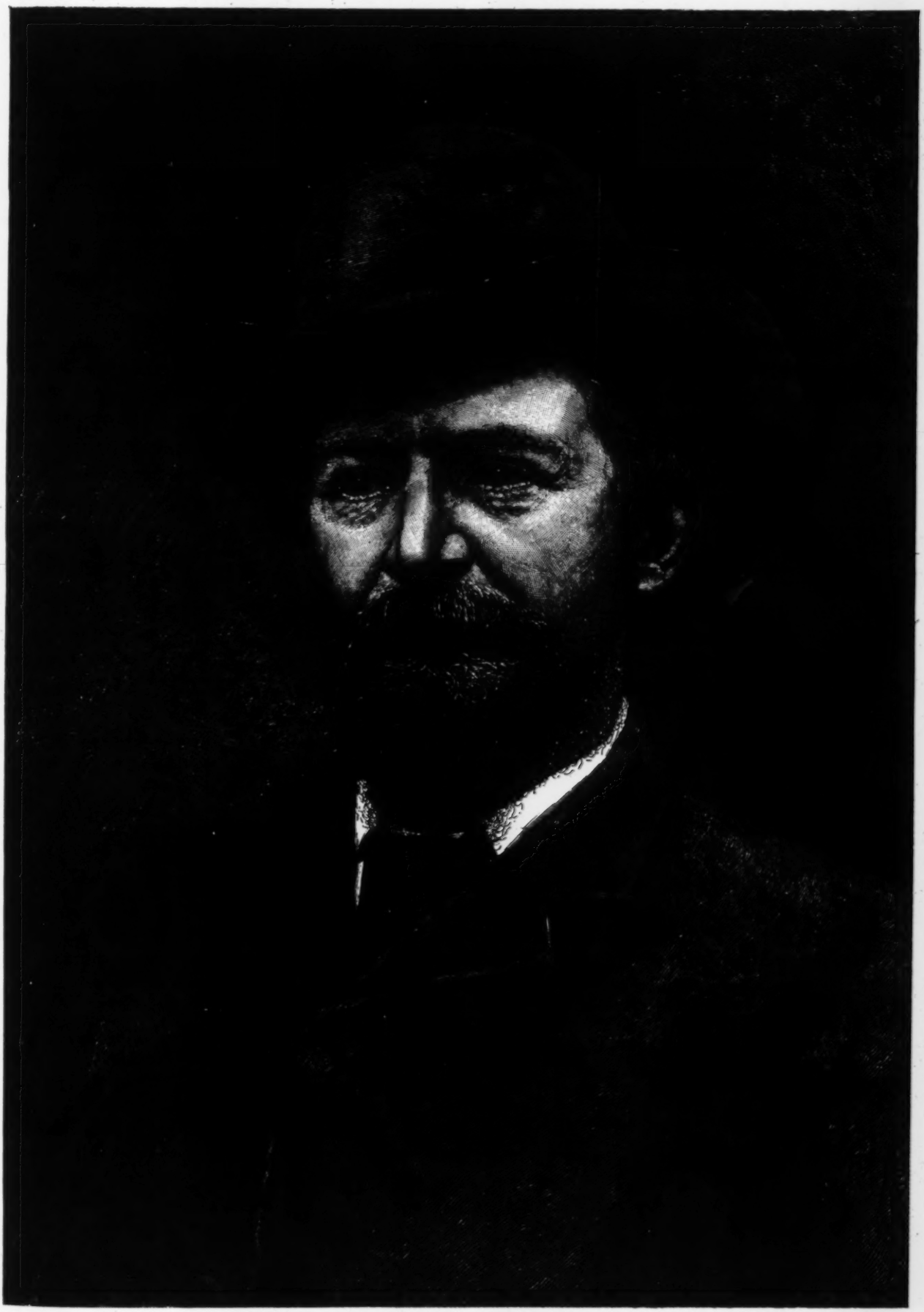
MR. SWINBURNE very early caught the manner proper to his own genius, and he has long and loyally kept even to his own mannerisms. His lyre has not many strings, though its sounding qualities have tended to hide this fact, to compensate for it, too, in some degree; and he has never been led by the evolution of his thought to fall out of love with his first successes. His poetic gift of lasting youth keeps the likeness strong between the early and the later Swinburne; though youthfulness would better express this quality, for not only are grace and agility his still, but so is the undisciplined spirit; a change to the opinions of staider folks making very little difference in this respect. He very early came to his own maturity; to maturity in a general sense he never will come. In his first verse you find flashes of wisdom. He was precocious about some deep things, and the capacity for perceiving these has always reappeared from time to time, his sum in this regard being greater than that of certain more solemn-mannered poets. But it is not more frequent now than at the beginning; when we meet with its expression to-day it sounds precocious still. The power that has been specially and consistently his, from 'Poems and Ballads' to 'Astrophel,' is not the power of conceiving and gathering wisdom. He is rather a flasher of light, a stirrer of men's eyelids to awaken them to a sense of the presence of visions outside him and the beauty of wisdom conceived by others; by virtue of which he exercises the most special function of the poet.

He has nothing exactly new to reveal to us in his latest volume, but song is a thing of subtle tones rather than many subjects. Most of his former notes are here, not all. The dramatic passion of his greatest moments appears nowhere, and the fiery democratic sympathies have changed into something hardly less fiery, but not exactly democratic. It may yet be from Mr. Swinburne's mouth, when he has dropped a few of his animosities, that we may learn a sublimer "Rule Britannia." In the very considerable remainder there is, to get the worst over first, an undue amount of mere rhetoric. A good deal of 'Astrophel,' the poem to the praise of Sidney, is such, though in masterly metre. Like every poet with the gift of flowing speech he has fallen before the temptation of fine sounds. Judged by quantity, he is perhaps less a sinner than Victor Hugo, but Victor Hugo never sinned so deeply as Mr. Swinburne in his eulogy on Grace Darling, whose deed surely demanded simpler, austerer chronicling. Even the booming noise of the storm is travestied in this torrent of words. A burst of genuine enthusiasm the poem is, doubtless; but an artistic misfit. The capacity of losing his head is a divine and absolutely necessary gift to the poet. But a little demon of criticism, moved sometimes by intellect, sometimes by art, sits up aloft, all invisible, and watches and controls the intoxication in the greatest. Swinburne's guardian sometimes nods.

Nearly half the volume is the outcome of a very amiable trait in Mr. Swinburne, his capacity for friendship and enthusiasm, his catholic sympathies with men and books altogether unlike himself. It is a pleasant fact, and one of great value in the record of art. But it gives to some of his volumes a very funereal air, and to this one especially, with its sonnets and dirges, and threnodies, to the memories of Burton, Browning, Tennyson, de Banville, Bourke Marston, Saffi, and Bell Scott. As a laureate of the dead, friendship and enthusiasm are the uppermost notes, and all the series are really more *oraisons funèbres* than poems, though their pathetic eloquence is broken by magnificent lines of pure poetry. The sequence of sonnets to Browning, chiefly noted for their generosity, end with a burst of insight and beauty.

> "O spirit of man, what mystery moves in thee
> That he might know not of in spirit, and see
> The heart within the heart that seems to strive,
> The life within the life that seems to be,
> And hear, through all thy storms that whirl and drive,
> The living sound of all men's souls alive?
> . . . . . .
> He held no dream worth waking."

There is no audible diminution of the power of music in



From a Photograph by *Messrs. Elliott and Fry.*

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

this last volume. There is, indeed, a surfeit of music; there are new experiments in metre, running, galloping measures, fresh pipes and whistles from a tireless throat, that "go" and flow of words which, joined to a real poetic purpose, are better than anything else that is done in verse to-day. Take this from "An Autumn Vision," for instance:

"Night, holy and starry, the fostress of souls, with the fragrance of heaven in her breath,
Subdues with the sense of her god-head the forces and mysteries of sorrow and death.
Eternal as dawn's is the comfort she gives: but the mist that beleaguers and slays
Comes, passes, and is not: the strength of it withers, appalled or assuaged by the day's."

MR. SWINBURNE'S HOME, THE PINES, PUTNEY.

"Loch Torridon," too, has passages of rare beauty that sing themselves:

"scarce had I sprung to the sea
When the dawn and the water were wedded, the hills and the sky set free.
The chain of the night was broken: the waves that embraced me and smiled
And flickered and fawned in the sunlight, alive, unafraid, undefiled,
Were sweeter to swim in than air, though fulfilled with the mounting morn,
Could be for the birds whose triumph rejoiced that a day was born."

Yet for lyric perfection, for the very rhythm of the heaving, swaying luxury of the senses, "A Swimmer's Dream," comes first:

"A purer passion, a lordlier leisure,
A peace more happy than lives on land,
Fulfils with pulse of diviner pleasure
The dreaming head and the steering hand.
I lean my cheek to the cold grey pillow,
The deep, soft swell of the full, broad billow,
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,
And wish the wheel of the world would stand."

But in this poet there has appeared from time to time a note which he sounds all alone, and with peculiar power. It is his most mysterious, most prophetic gift. Often in intention, sometimes in weird reality, he is a priest of pagan mysticism, a quick-eared hearkener at the hidden doors of the world. Then he can do what many a sublimer poet never can, bring down awe upon you from a mystery which he reveals to your secret senses. The greatest poem in this volume, "A Nympholept," one of the finest and subtlest he has ever written, is of this order. Dawn, morning, sunset, twilight, moonlight, darkness, have had their interpreters. Some of the old poets hinted at the mystery of noon. The pictorial artist to-day puts aside his palette and yawns at the *banalité* of the midday light, and the poet is stupefied, and sleeps with the insects and the rest of natural things. But what if he were to keep awake? The poet of the "Nympholept" did, in trembling watch for Pan. The vision of the waking poet at noon admits of no paraphrase, and a few lines will hardly suggest it. The sense of the presence his being was aware of, not Pan's but another's, and how fear vanished into rapture, are thrilled into you rather than spoken to your ear:

"I sleep not: never in sleep has a man beholden
This. From the shadow that trembles and yearns with light
Suppressed and elate and reluctant—obscure and golden
As water kindled with presage of dawn or night—
A form, a face, a wonder to sense and sight,
Grows great as the moon through the month; and her eyes embolden
Fear, till it change to desire, and desire to delight."

The sight flashed on you from the poet's vision is as insubstantial as a dream, and as eternal, and those who have looked at it once with their spirit's eye open will be haunted by it after on every summer woodland noon. G-Y.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

II.—FROM HER CORONATION TO HER ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

TWO days before Mary was taken from Linlithgow to Stirling, the Cardinal and his party entered into "a secret band" to prevent her removal to England. The week preceding her coronation was signalised by the reconciliation of the Governor and the Cardinal. Sadleyr had been warned in April that this reconciliation was sure to come; yet, when it did come, it came suddenly. Henry's offers to Arran—his offer to make him King of Scotland beyond the Forth, his offer to marry the Princess, Elizabeth to his son—had been made in vain. His attempts

to get the infant Queen into his own hands—the hands of "her father-in-lawe" as he described himself—were less likely than ever to be successful. He had wished to part her from her mother, and to have more of his own people about her than the stipulated number. He had instructed Sadleyr to "grope the Governour," as to whether he would deliver in gage, for the £5,000 he wished to borrow, the fortresses on the south side of the Forth, or "convey the yong Quene into our handes." He had complained that she had not been brought to Edinburgh Castle. He had suggested that Arran should get possession of Stirling Castle, and take her to a nearer and safer place; or else remove the adverse lord-keepers, and place her and the castle in such hands that "there shuld be no doubt but she shalbe furthecummyng."

On the 29th of August, 1543—four days after Arran had solemnly ratified the treaties—eleven days before Mary's coronation—the English Privy Council directed Suffolk to select sixteen or twenty thousand men, who would be ready on any sudden warning, to enter Scotland to receive the fortresses from the Governor, or "to woorke any other exployt ther," which his Majesty might think convenient. Five days after the coronation, Henry informed Suffolk that he thought he might pass into Scotland with eight thousand horsemen, on the pretence of making a raid on the Humes and Carrs, and by a rapid march surprise Edinburgh, seizing, if possible, the Governor and Cardinal; or, failing this, to burn the town and waste the country of their enemies as they returned. A French fleet arrived at Dumbarton; and, at the same time, rumours of the intended English invasion reached Scotland.

The relations between the two countries were already sufficiently strained. Henry's impolitic seizure of the Scotch ships, before the treaties were ratified by the Governor, was hotly resented by the Edinburgh merchants. Sadleyr had to report, on the 1st of September, that the inhabitants of the capital, both men and women, were threatening with oaths to avenge themselves on him—to burn his house over his head "so that one of us shulde not escape alyve." On the 9th of December the Scottish Parliament declared, that, neither those who had assembled for conveying "our Soverane Lady" from Linlithgow to Stirling, nor those who, at that time, had convened with the Governor at Edinburgh, had committed any crime. Two days later, the same Parliament further declared, that, as the peace had been broken by the English seizing and retaining the Scottish merchants, with their ships and goods; and as King Henry had refused to ratify the treaties, as the Governor had done, these had consequently expired and were not to be kept on the part of Scotland. Immediately thereafter, two French ambassadors explained that their king (Francis the First) had sent them, that the ancient leagues might be renewed, and to promise help against the King of England. Their proposals were accepted, as the Act bears, "with ane consent and assent." Knox is certainly wrong in saying, that it was because of Mary's coronation and the new promise made to France, that Henry arrested "our Schotish schippis."

Henry's instructions to Hertford, of the 10th April, 1544, are ruthless enough. That commander, with his unsparing commission of fire and sword, arrived in the Forth on Saturday, the 3rd of May, and landed his army next morning. The melancholy results of this, and the subsequent invasions, need not be dwelt on here. If true love is to be ascertained and measured by the roughness of its course, the love in this case must indeed have been intense. The boisterous courtship did not cease with Henry's death (28th January, 1546-7); but was continued into Edward's reign. In Edward's time, however, recourse was had to the prayers of the Church, as well as to the force of arms, for "the most happy and godly marriage of the King's Majesty, our Sovereign Lord, with the young Scottish Queen."

Of Mary herself few personal details are recorded during this early stage of her history. Reference has already been made to Sadleyr's report when he saw her at Linlithgow in the spring of 1543. On the 2nd of July, he was informed that she could not be conveniently removed from that palace, as she was "breeding of teethe." In his opinion, at that time, the Governor was as anxious concerning "her health, preservation, and surety, as if she were his own natural child." Sadleyr again saw her within a fortnight after her removal to Stirling, when the Queen Dowager "praised the ayre aboute the house," and said that her daughter "did grow apace." He adds: "She is a right fair and goodly child, as any that I have seen, for her age." From another letter of his, it appears that, by this time, she had perfectly recovered of the small-pox.

In Stirling Castle Mary was in comparative safety. Sir George Douglas told Sadleyr, barely a month after her coronation, that he did not think that Henry's Scotch friends could take her by force; but they were quite willing to try, provided his Majesty "wolde advance a convenient summe of money." Douglas further said that her keepers, being charged with her safety on peril of losing their lives and lands, would take her, if they thought fit, "into the Highlande which is not farre from Sterlinge, where it is not possible to come by her." Next May (1544), Hertford, writing from Leith, cheered his royal master with the news that he had devastated the country to "within six myles of Sterling"; and in the same despatch he says that Mary had been conveyed to Dunkeld. Towards the end of the following September, Shrewsbury, then at Darlington, heard from the wardens of the East and Middle Marches what they had learned through their spies "of the syckenes of the yong Quene of Scottes." In July of next year (1545) Lords Erskine and Livingstone are mentioned by the Governor and Lords of Council as having "the hale cure and keping of our Soverane Ladyis persoun in the castell of Striveling." On the 5th of October it was declared that although these two lords had, in the previous April, undertaken the charge, "in cumpany with the Quenis Grace hir moder, under the pane of tynsale of lif, landis and guidis," yet they should not incur any pains if pursued and invaded by an army of Englishmen, or Scots fortified with Englishmen, whom, in spite of "thair detfull diligence," they could not resist.

It was in September, 1547, that Mary was removed for greater safety from Stirling to Inchmahome. Sir James Balfour states that she was taken there immediately before the battle of Pinkie. Lesley, on the other hand, says that it was immediately after that disaster. This second Flodden was fought, not on "Sunday," 11th September, as Stevenson says, but on Saturday, the 10th—a day afterwards known as

"Black Saturday." She was then only four years and nine months old, not six years, as Hill Burton says. Who has not read and enjoyed Dr. John Brown's characteristically pleasant sketch of Queen Mary's child-garden in that lovely "Isle of Rest"? Of gardening, however, no matter how childishly eager, she could do little there, for her stay was short and the season gone. If her biographers are to be trusted, she must have been a very precocious child. Jebb, following Conaeus, alleges that it was while on Inchmahome that "she first laid the foundation of her knowledge in the Latin and French, the Spanish and Italian tongues"; and Miss Strickland says that there she was taught history, geography, tapestry work, and embroidery. According to Chalmers, Mary remained at Inchmahome until the following February, when she was taken to Dumbarton; but Lesley speaks as if she were only about three weeks on the island—"till the Inglismen was departed furth of Scotland"—and then returned to Stirling; and, in Thorpe's 'Calendar of State Papers,' there is a reference to the Queen having been removed from Stirling to Dumbarton in February. In March there was a rumour that she was dead. A letter of Huntly's to Somerset, of 20th March, bears that the Governor repents that she had gone to Dumbarton, and that he is labouring to bring her back to Stirling when she recovers from the small-pox.

On the 1st of January, 1544-5, Lord Eure reported that he had learned from one of his spies that the Governor, Cardinal, and other lords of the Scotch Council, had promised to the French ambassador "that the Frenche Kinge shall have the yonge Quene to marye where he list," and that in the spring both queens should be sent into France. In 1545, however, several of the nobles signed a bond, declaring that the Queen ought to marry a prince "borne of the realme," and that they would consent and vote that she should marry Arran's eldest son. Princes of other countries would by-and-by desire "to haif hir Grace in mariage," and might, like the King of England, pursue the same with force and power. This bond has been partly printed by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. In the Parliament held at Haddington, on the 7th of July, 1548, D' Essé, formally expressed the desire of Henry the Second, "the maist Christin King of France," for the marriage of Mary with the Dauphin. The Queen Dowager, the Governor, and the Estates of Parliament, "all in ane voice" approved the desire as "verray ressonabill," and gave their consent. The unanimity is thus explained by Knox:—"Some war corrupted with buddis [*i.e.*, bribes], some deceaved by flattering promessis, and some for fear war compelled to consent." Hill Burton says, "There was an understanding and more, that the royal prize was to be for the Governor's son. Arran, indeed, held an obligation to this end under the seals of the chief nobles. In a firmer hand than his it would not have been easy to loosen such a hold." But, as the 'Register of the Privy Council of Scotland' shows, this hold had been loosened fully two years before, when the Governor, in presence of "the Quenis Grace and Lordis of Counsel," for the good of the kingdom and healing of divisions, "dischargit the contract and band, maid to him be quhatsomevir noble men of the realme, anentis our Soverane Ladyis meriage, and sall distroy the samyn, and dischargis all noble men that hes consentit thairto of the said band."

Mary was now to be taken to France. Hill Burton says that the way in which the English trap to intercept her "was escaped, is one of the cleverest affairs of the kind on record." He tells how, "in great pomp, the French squadron of Villegagne sailed down the Firth of Forth. It would have been intercepted and fought in the narrow seas as it crept along to France; but it turned suddenly northwards, and swept round Scotland by the Pentland Firth, then, coasting westwards, it reached Dumbarton," where the Queen embarked. Nevertheless the English government received timely warning as to the port from which she was to sail. On the 28th of June, Lord Grey wrote to Somerset that four galleys had departed to Dumbarton to convey her away; and on the 13th of July, Palmer and Holcroft wrote to tell him that her mother had gone there to deliver her. On the 2nd and also on the 3rd of August, Grey informed him that she had actually embarked. On the 7th, Johnes wrote to tell the Protector that a spy saith of certainty that "the yong Quene is and hathe been theis vi. or vii. dayes upon the see foranempst Dunbryten [*i.e.*, opposite Dumbarton] for lack of wether. The wynd is now at this present in the east and by east fair as can be; and her galleys and ships ar ready abowt her." Grey, too, wrote on the 7th that her galley still lay in the Clyde, and that some English ships should be sent that way. Tytler cites this last letter, or one very simi'ar, which he dates the 4th of August, in which Grey says that the Queen's galley was undoubtedly lying near Dumbarton at noon of the previous day; and adds that Lady Fleming, having been so long on the sea, wished the captain to allow her to land "to repose her"; and that he answered, "she should not come on land, but rather go into France, or else drown by the way." Miss Strickland transposes this incident from the beginning to the latter part of the voyage, when, in consequence of the tempestuous weather, and "tossing on the rough waves off the dangerous coast of Bretagne," the fair passengers had "suffered severely from sea-sickness!" Bishop Lesley states that the Protector "caused prepair ane gret navie of shippes," which he sent "to await at the west seyis at thayre passage, and to haif taikin thame gif thay could."

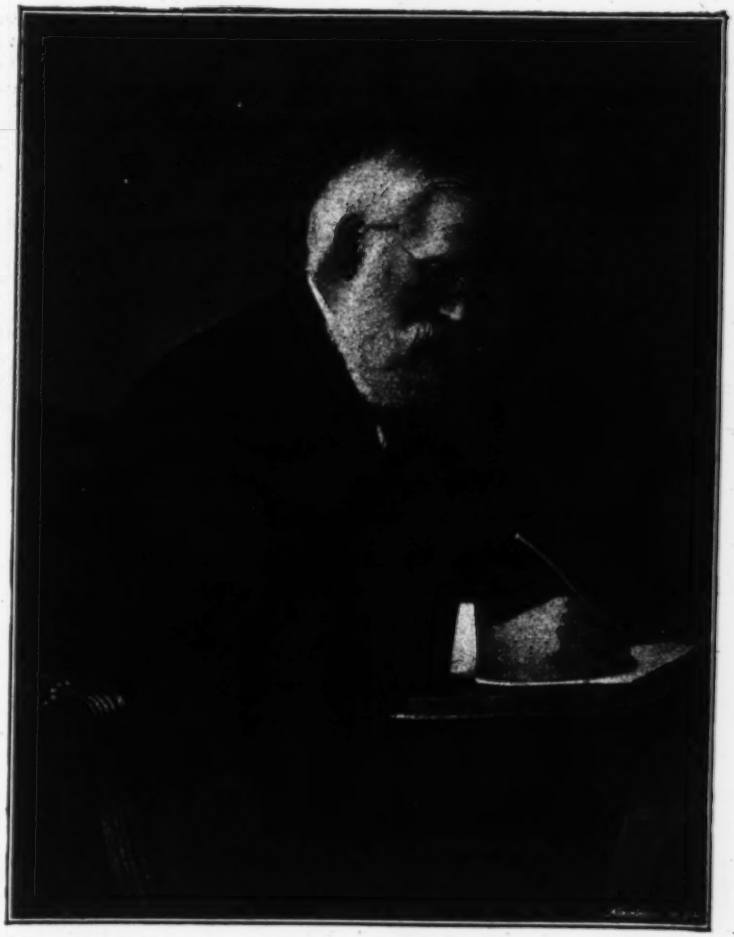
Mary landed on the 13th of August, 1548. According to the 'Diurnal of Occurrents,' she "past to France to be brocht up under the feir of God"; but according to Knox, "to the end that in hir youth she should drynk of that lycour, that should remane with hir all hir lyfetyme, for a plague to this realme, and for hir finall destructioun."

D. HAY FLEMING.

MR. C. A. COOPER, OF THE *SCOTSMAN*.

THE editorial function in the offices of the great provincial journals has been much more largely modified during the past forty years than the corresponding position on the London daily press. In the capital, the duties and responsibilities of the editor of any one of the great newspapers were, half-a-century ago, very much in kind what they are now. That is to say, they were those of general superintendence and control, of constant watchfulness over the matter that found its way into the columns of the paper, of final decision as to the line that should be pursued in editorial comment on each prominent public question, and of guidance and direction to the leader-writing *corps*. It was probably as seldom the case in 1854 as it is in 1894 that the editor of any important London daily ever contributed a line to the columns of his own journal. On the provincial papers the case was very different. Only a few of them

were published daily; some of the most influential and most widely-circulated were weeklies or bi-weeklies. In nearly every instance the editors of these organs combined with the duties of superintendence those of principal leader-writer, with which, indeed, they were often, in the public view, exclusively identified. This state of matters began to change about 1856, at the time of the great expansion in the provincial press after the removal of the newspaper stamp duty; but for many years the change was only very gradual, and even after the transfer of the telegraphs to the Government and the establishment of "London wires" had enormously developed the activity of the provincial dailies as news-organs, editors were still to be found who contrived to discharge their much-increased duties of superintendence while continuing to be the most active contributors to their own leading columns.



From a Photograph by [*Mr. W Crooks, Edinburgh.*

MR. C. A. COOPER.

Of journalists of this type there is no more noteworthy representative in the three kingdoms than Mr. Charles Cooper, who, though he has been nominally editor of the *Scotsman* only since 1880, has really sustained the editorial responsibilities and discharged the editorial functions with unfailing energy for very nearly a quarter of a century. Though it did not become a daily until 1856, the *Scotsman*, from its first establishment in 1817, took a foremost position on the press of Scotland. This was almost exclusively due to the literary ability, the breadth and liberality of view, and the profound acquaintance with the interests and sympathies of their fellow-countrymen, common to the first three occupants of the editorial chair—Mr. M'Culloch, Mr. Charles Maclaren, and Alexander Russel. The last-named, in particular, was in many respects the greatest journalist of his day, and under his control the *Scotsman* came to wield an enormous influence as a political and social organ. But the establishment of the paper at the head of the Scottish press in respect of circulation, and its consequent commercial success as a great advertising medium, were only achieved in the years following its transformation from a tri-weekly into a daily. They were the legitimate fruits of the enterprise, sagacity, and inventive resource thrown into the service of the *Scotsman* by Mr. James Law, who still, after nearly forty years' activity, retains the position of managing proprietor. And it is very certain that Mr. Law's measures and exertions would not have produced such remarkable results if he had not been able to find in Mr. Cooper a worthy coadjutor in the editorial department.

It is no secret that though Mr. Russel remained responsible editor till his death in 1876, and though to the last his voice was supreme in determining the attitude of the paper on all public questions, he had for several years previously interfered scarcely at all in the details of management. It is doing him no injustice to say that his interest and supervision were mainly devoted to the leading columns, to which he continued almost to the end of his life to contribute largely. But it is scarcely necessary to explain that the "leaders," though a very important part of a great daily, represent only a small fraction of the labour, effort, and expenditure of capital involved in the production of each issue. A numerous staff of reporters and country correspondents collect and transmit the news from every corner of the district especially appertaining to the journal—a district which, in the case of the *Scotsman*, is co-extensive with Scotland itself. Then the latest political and social intelligence and gossip of the capital, together with the Parliamentary news, has to be gathered up by a London staff, and forwarded by "special wire." Over and above all this there are the foreign news forwarded from all parts of the world by Reuter's and other agencies; the commercial intelligence, collected over an equally wide area; the reviews and literary notices, contributed jointly by specialists and by an "inside" reviewing staff, and which, in the *Scotsman*, have always constituted a prominent feature; with the innumerable other odds and ends of news, always expected by the public, and usually read by them with a very imperfect appreciation of the amount of energy and expenditure requisite to secure their publication in an intelligible and trustworthy form. All this vast mass of material has to be reduced within a few hours every night to manageable shape and dimensions by a *corps* of sub-editors, and over the whole of the feverish activities engaged in this varied and gigantic labour of production presides the managing editor—cease-

lessly watchful, keeping an untiring eye on small matters as well as great, and constantly burdened by the consciousness that a momentary lapse of vigilance on his part may lead to the omission of an important item of news, to the publication of some gravely erroneous statement, or to the appearance of a rashly-worded report that may involve the paper in the costly complications of an action for libel.

It is a tremendous responsibility; but it is one which Mr. Charles Cooper has discharged with unwavering fidelity and astonishing success for a quarter of a century. When in 1868, after having for several years occupied with conspicuous efficiency the position of the *Scotsman's* London correspondent, he accepted the assistant-editorship of the paper, the task which at once devolved upon him was a very heavy one. The machinery for the collection of news which Mr. Law had organised was probably superior to that of any other provincial daily; but these resources were not utilised in the best way. Mr. Russel, though a brilliant journalist in his own line, was little accustomed to deal with the new conditions evolved by the rapid development of railways and telegraphs. The heads of subordinate departments were left, to a considerable extent, to work out their own problems, each in his own way. The general supervision was not so close or so constant as it needed to be, and the result was that as a news organ the *Scotsman* left much to be desired. Many columns of matter more than could possibly be used were set up for almost every issue, and reports often appeared two or three days after the occurrence of the events which they chronicled. Bringing to the work great force of character, a long experience in every department of journalism, and an almost unlimited capacity of physical endurance, Mr. Cooper in the course of a few years had reformed all these defects, and completely re-organised the news departments of the paper. At the cost of a tremendous struggle with the Typographical Society, which is still remembered in Edinburgh, he and Mr. Law put the "composing-room" on a totally new footing. The accumulation of over-matter became the rare exception instead of the rule. No single department of news was allowed to occupy an excessive proportion of space at the expense of others, while the efficiency of each was jealously maintained and continually improved. And so, in a very short time after Mr. Cooper's advent, the *Scotsman* became what it has ever since remained —a model of a well-conducted, well-arranged, and readable provincial daily.

What Mr. Cooper accomplished in this sphere of activity would amply justify his inclusion in the list of great journalists. But it by no means exhausts the record of his achievements. Very soon after he joined the editorial staff of the *Scotsman* Mr. Russel's health began to fail, and after 1871 or 1872 he was rarely in the office during those night hours when the real work of every daily journal must necessarily be done. On Mr. Cooper's shoulders fell the chief burden, not only of supervision but of the actual production of the leading articles, and this burden he sustained, at any rate down to a very recent date, in addition to all his other responsibilities. His facility and rapidity as a leader-writer are well known to most members of his profession. It is within the knowledge of the present writer that he has, on more than one occasion, turned out three articles on current topics in the course of a single night; and this in addition to all the other work of control and supervision which was constantly distracting his attention. He fully held his own, in his own manner, with the brilliant writers who had preceded him in the editorial chair—Mr. Russel and Dr. Wallace. There are very few contemporary journalists who surpass Mr. Cooper in the arts of vivacious and pointed comment and exposition. His immense stores of practical knowledge enable him to deal with a very wide range of subjects; his terse, almost *staccato* style can always be "understanded of the many"; and he possesses all the dexterity of a trained lawyer in stating a case, and much more power than most lawyers have of stating it with brevity and directness as well as with force. His most conspicuous defect as a leader-writer is that which somehow seems to attach to most successful men in every sphere of activity—that of seeing too exclusively only his own side of every question he handles, and ignoring the possibility that the case may have another aspect.

For a very long time—indeed till advancing years and the enfeebling effect of past exertions began to tell seriously on his physical strength—Mr. Cooper was insatiable of work. Not only did he find time for all the occupations and duties above described, in themselves quite sufficient to furnish employment to two or three ordinary men, but he was obliged to give up some hours every day to the task of interviewing the many people who find it necessary to have a personal exchange of views with the editor of a great organ such as the *Scotsman*, and with whom, in the interests of the paper, it is quite expedient that the editor should hold intercourse, because it is of the utmost importance that he should keep touch with every political and social movement and tendency of the time. Then he had to deal with the vast editorial correspondence; and in addition to all this, he contrived for a good many years to contribute largely to the literary reviewing. Such a record of enormous and long-sustained activity is almost unique, even in the annals of the press. That it was possible at all must be largely set down to the excellence of Mr. Cooper's constitution, to his abundant energy, and to his unfailing flow of animal spirits. In his official capacity he has perhaps been more remarkable for the *fortiter in re* than for the *suaviter in modo*; yet his relations with almost all his colleagues, past and present, have been and are of the kindliest. Beneath a certain superficial roughness of manner and a tendency to irritability, evolved by long years of unceasing anxiety and pressure, there is in him a genuine magnanimity, and a goodness of heart which, to the writer's knowledge, has found innumerable private and unostentatious manifestations. The only shortcomings in a member of his staff which he has ever found unpardonable are want of zeal and want of care; of work that was done honestly and to the best of the performer's ability, however short of perfection it might be in itself, he has invariably shown the most generous appreciation. And there is at this moment many a journalist, in London and elsewhere, who largely owes his success and progress in his profession to the promptitude and energy with which Mr. Cooper has employed on his behalf his great personal influence. In private life the editor of the *Scotsman* is esteemed by a very wide circle of friends as one of the most genial of men and cheeriest of companions; and those whose privilege it is to know him most intimately are aware that these characteristics are the emanations of a genuine warmth of heart and benevolence of nature.

NEW BOOKS.

THE LOWELL LECTURES ON THE ASCENT OF MAN.*

A recent American writer, in reviewing a work on Sociology as viewed from the biological standpoint, aptly characterises one tendency of the spirit of the present age: "We are closing this century with as definite a bias in favour of biologic reasoning and analogy as the last century closed with a similar bias in favour of the method of reasoning used in Physics and Chemistry." Of all the works wherein this tendency has been shown forth Professor Drummond's will probably take rank as one of the most remarkable.

The comparative failure in the endeavour to engraft an evolutional sociology and ethic upon a biological basis

* 'The Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man.' By Henry Drummond. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1894. pp. 444. Price 7s. 6d.)

hitherto has been that the fundamental doctrine of the struggle for life only leads to an individualistic system in which the moral side of Nature has no place, for in the ultimate analysis it is based on an exclusive study of the conditions of Nutrition. The cardinal point in Professor Drummond's theses is that the currently accepted theory only takes account of half the truth, as nutrition only represents one part of the function of living matter. He believes that there is associated with the correlative function of reproduction a second factor, the struggle for the life of others, which, if not equal in potency and universality to the struggle for the personal life, is at any rate of co-ordinate rank as a force in cosmic evolution. Other writers have recognised Altruism as existing alongside of Egoism and modifying its operation, but to Professor Drummond the credit is undoubtedly due that he has plainly indicated the place of Altruism as the outcome of those processes whereby the species is multiplied, and its bearing on the evolution of ethics.

Mr. Drummond is an eloquent writer, who can present his views in a forcible and impressive manner, and although his style sometimes verges on the flowery, yet it is not offensively so; and it needs little of the gift of prophecy to forecast that this book will make fully as great an impression on the popular mind as his former book, 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.'

It is the desire of the author that our conceptions of the phenomena of nature should be consistent, and that if these be the results of a process of evolution, we should recognise the continuity of the process. "If Nature be the Garment of God, it is woven without seam throughout; if a revelation of God, it is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; if the expression of His will, there is in it no variableness nor shadow of turning. Those who see great gulfs fixed—and we have all begun by seeing them—end by seeing them filled up. Were these gulfs essential to any theory of the Universe, even the establishment of the Unity of Nature were a dear price to pay for obliterating them. But the apparent loss is only gain, and the seeming gain were infinite loss. For to break up Nature is to break up Reason, and with it God and man."

In accordance with this desire for a unification of concept, which is an advance on Professor Drummond's position in his former work, he proceeds to sketch the stages of the process of the evolution of man, physical and ethical. In the performance of this task he is limited by the form of his work, a short course of popular lectures, and he can do no more than trace the outline of his subject, and is obliged to stop short before reaching the final outcome of the evolution. This is the less to be regretted, as it is in these earlier stages that the real difficulties in the evolution of the moral side of humanity lie.

The sections on the evolution of the body of man, on the dawn of mind, on language, and on the struggle for life, are necessarily incomplete and sketchy, but they are only intended to serve their purpose as an introduction to his main theme. Once or twice his love for analogy betrays him into trivial misconceptions, as on p. 86, and as a lecturer he only deals with what may be regarded as the sensational points of his subject.

In his treatment of the human ancestry he is scarcely fair to the ape, for at the outset he tells us that he wishes to ignore him, but animal relationships form a necessary complement of the evolution of man. The simian may have branched off from the human ancestor at an early period, but the common stem below the branch must have been simian enough in character to give some colour to the popular notion, and though it may be pleasanter to keep the compromising name in the background, it is no less of a reality.

The chapter on the arrest of bodily evolution is graphic, but less convincing, and not necessary to the development of the argument. It would be enough for his purpose to show that physical endowment could not progress at the same pace as psychical growth. In these days, when athletic records are being constantly broken, the evidence is not in favour of a physical decline, and there are as yet no signs of the reduction of the human body to the condition which was depicted in a recent number of *Punch* as the outcome of the highest psychical development.

In the chapter on the Struggle for the Life of Others, he develops the central idea which inspires his lectures. He has, at the outset, to contend with the difficulty of indicating the exact point at which the ethical element has its beginning, which, like the initial stages of all great natural processes, is veiled in mystery. The multiplying cell may be the potential, but can scarcely be called the actual exponent, for in its origination, cell division is really selfish, and solely for self-interest, as far as this language of moral import can be applied to a biological process. Were it possible for cell nutrition to take place in a cell of any size it is hard to see why all cells should not grow as large as those of Caulerpa, or even as large as the fabled Bathybius, but the physiological mechanism of cell-reproduction has its ultimate base in the necessity for small size with relatively large surface, or else the cell cannot be properly fed. If the division be regarded as an act of self-sacrifice, it is one which is submitted to for a purely selfish end. The earliest distinct manifestation of the altruistic principle does not appear until we reach a higher level in organisation, when differentiation takes place as a preliminary to integration, and division of labour as the precursor of co-operation in the direction of a corporate end. This difficulty has occurred to Professor Drummond, but for his purpose it suffices to read the meaning of the process backwards from the higher to the lower, so he assumes that the altruistic principle is here in germ. This once granted, the other steps of the evolution can be traced.

In the succeeding chapters the higher stages of the development of Altruism as a modifying factor are dealt with. Professor Drummond adopts a modification of the general principle which Mr. Lester Ward has formulated in his recent work on "Psychic Factors of Civilisation," that "desire is the essential basis of all actions, and hence is the true force in the sentient world," and in accordance with this he traces the steps whereby the condition of the maternal desire for the well-being of her offspring are rendered possible. He very happily points out that this outcome of altruism, the evolution of the mother, is really implied in the name given by Linnæus to the highest group of Vertebrates, Mammalia.

The culmination of altruistic evolution in the animal kingdom below the level of man, is reached when the interest of the father in his offspring is awakened. In man alone do we find this condition fully attained, and the newly awakened interest sustained. The reflex influence of the contemplation of the helplessness of infancy has been pointed out by Mr. Fiske, and from this and from some of the results of Westermarch's investigations as to primitive marriage, Mr. Drummond has constructed, though perhaps with more of fancy than in his study of the preceding stages, the picture of the steps of the process whereby this condition, so necessary for the development of the family, was brought about.

The limits of Professor Drummond's course have prevented his carrying out his sketch of the evolution of the higher planes of altruism beyond this point. In his final chapter on Involution there is much that is suggestive. Analogies drawn from the relation of the root to the stem are made the texts for a discussion of the relation of the material to the ethical. He believes that the supreme factor in this evolution is the continually shifting environment under whose constraining influence faculties which before were non-existent, except as germinal potentialities, became evolved, and in this connection he deals with the fallacies which underlie the quantitative theory of evolution.

The author allows his passion for analogies to carry him to extremes in this section; for example, he attempts to equate with love the primal attraction whereby the integration of the atoms of the originally homogeneous nebula was initiated, but this is a mere afterthought, and no necessary part of his theory.

The problems with which Professor Drummond has dealt are perplexing and complex, and there will probably be much difference of opinion as to the degree of success with which he has applied the biological method to their solution; but the candid reader cannot lay down the book without feeling that it is an honest and manly attempt to grapple in a reverential spirit with these difficulties, and that it constitutes a seasonable contribution to the literature of this fundamental department of sociology.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

SAXO GRAMMATICUS.*

Among Mr. Nutt's many services to folklore studies, the student of Germanic mythology will be inclined to place the publication of the present rendering of Saxo in the foremost rank. The pregnant-witted old chronicler, whom Erasmus admired as a Latinist, and Goethe as a story-teller, and whom the author of *Hamlet*, who possibly never heard of him, may be said to have honoured by implication, was something more than the first historian of his country. Like our venerable Bede, he lived and wrote among folks who had not very long resigned the name of heathens, in a milieu teeming with customs and beliefs which the Church succeeded rather in consecrating than in suppressing. While Bede, however, turned coldly away from the treasures of pagan lore of which he must have been cognisant, to write the history of his Church, Saxo fastened upon them with the catholic zeal of a scholar; and his 'History of Denmark' is accordingly not only an authority, in its later books, for the facts of Danish history, but in its earlier (the subject of the present volume) a storehouse of Scandinavian legends and myth, inferior in value only to the verse Edda itself. No doubt Saxo had not quite the naïveté of the perfect story-teller. Rhetorical annalists of the later empire had taught him, if not exactly the "dignity of history," yet a certain show of criticism and a highly developed pomp of style. Both his criticism and his rhetoric somewhat impair his value as a communicator of folk-tales. He does not exactly *sift* his matter, but he does his best to organise and to rationalise it. His gods are men, his mythical localities acquire, as far as may be, geographical import. And, what is of more moment, he clothes these narratives in a panoply of decorated and sonorous phrase, often oddly in contrast with the homely or popular tales they convey. It is somewhat like reading Grimm in the prose of Gibbon. The numerous poems, too, he expands and elaborates with delighted ingenuity, as is evident from the occasional instances in which his originals are extant; and the brief, pregnant, elliptical sentences of the Northern lyric unfold themselves in vigorous flowing hexameters. How loose his paraphrase can be may be judged from a specimen in which little but the general motive is retained. In the *Bjarka-mál*, the waking of the henchmen in the hall to meet a sudden attack upon their lord, King Rolf, is dashed off in a few telling strokes (*Corp. Poet. Bor.*, i., 189):

"[The day is up, the cock's feathers are flapping, it is time for the sons of toil to get to their work.] Wake and awake, comrades mine, all the noblest henchmen of Athils. . . . Not to wine do I wake you, nor to women's spells, but I wake you to the stern game of the war-goddess."

Saxo gives the same scene thus, in Mr. Elton's forcible and idiomatic rendering (ii. 72):

"Let him awake speedily, whoso showeth himself by service or avoweth himself in mere loyalty, a friend of the king! Let the princes shake off slumber, let shameless lethargy begone; let their spirits awake and warm to the work; each man's own right hand shall either give him to glory or steep him in sluggard shame; and this night shall be either end or vengeance of our woes. I do not now bid ye learn the sports of the maidens, nor stroke soft cheeks, nor give sweet kisses to the bride . . . and cast eyes upon snowy arms. I call you out to the sterner fray of war. We need the battle, and not light love."

Such a paraphrase is naturally quite untrustworthy as a clue to the formal characteristics of the original. But Saxo's invention displayed itself chiefly in rhetoric, in the cunning manipulation of his rich vocabulary. His narrative itself is full of matter which he cannot have invented—the genuine stuff of myth, legend, custom—overlaid, but not essentially transmuted or impaired.

And the English reader will not easily get a more vivid impression of these old stories of the North than from the present volume. Open it where we will, we find ourselves among stirring scenes, breathing an air in which passion and heroism and bloodshed, and untameable love and ardent song, and stormy speech, and feasting and fighting, burning and hanging, splendour and squalor, marvels by sea and by land, are the familiar matter of every day. There is stuff here for many a ballad, and for many a tragedy, nay, for whole Odysseys and Iliads too. The most famous, indeed, of all the tragic hero-stories of the North, that of Sigurd the Volsung, is absent, though Saxo incidentally mentions him, as he also does the vengeance of Grimhild. We have only an outlying ramification of this cycle—the tale of Sigurd's daughter Svanhild, fairest of women, who, accused of adultery, was condemned by her husband, King Jarmerik (the historical Eormenric King of the Goths), to be trampled by horses; but such was her beauty that the beasts shrank from mangling her limbs, until at length her face was hidden, and the horses, no longer held off by its charm, were driven upon her body and trod it down with their multitude of feet (Bk. viii., p. 337). On the other hand, Saxo is the principal ancient authority for the scarcely less famous story of Hagbard and Signe—a Northern *Antigone*, as it has been called by Müllenhoff; how Signe, in spite of her father's prohibition, accepts as her lover the sea-captain Hagbard, and vows to die with him if he is taken: 'By whatsoever doom thy breath be cut off, by sword or disease, by sea or soil, I forswear every wanton and corrupt flame, and vow myself to a death like thine.' He is seized by the royal guards and is condemned to be hanged. Whereupon Signe 'asked her weeping women whether they could endure to bear her company in the things which she purposed." They gave their promise, and she commanded that, on the signal being given from the place of execution, they should fire the hall and then hang themselves in their own robes. And Hagbard, to test her loyalty, caused the sign to be made before his own execution. Presently he saw the palace wrapped in fire, and, careless of his own doom, burst into a song of triumph, which surely loses little in Saxo's Latin, or we may add in Mr. Elton's English: 'Swiftly, O warriors, let me be caught and lifted into the air! Sweet, O my bride, is it for me to die when thou art gone! I perceive the crackling and the house ruddy with flames; and the love, long promised, declares our troth. . . . . We shall have one end, one bond after our troth, and somewhere our first love will live on.'

Besides this high tragic matter, however, Saxo abounds in "folk tales" of a more or less humorous cast; such as the story of the early Prohibitionist King Snio, who, in a time of famine, to save corn, forbade drinking and the brewing of drink. Whereupon, "a certain wanton slave of his belly, lamenting the prohibition, adopted a deep kind of knavery." He sipped instead of quaffing his cup, and when called to account pleaded that he was in reality the most abstemious of men, inasmuch as he thus mortified the desire to drink. This plea being disallowed, he sopped pieces of bread, and claimed that it was not forbidden to *eat* the liquor. Finally, giving up pretence, he declared that he drank to do due honour to the royal funeral which a king who could promulgate so strange a decree must needs regard as close at hand.

But the European note which Saxo enjoys is chiefly due to his connection with two stories of classical rank—Tell and Hamlet. The story of Toka, his three arrows, and the apple, told in his tenth book and here quoted in an appendix, was probably the immediate source of the legend which somewhat later found a local habitation and a name in the heart of the Swiss republic. The story of Hamlet was not of course borrowed directly by Shakespeare, or even by the author of the older *Hamlet* which he probably used from Saxo. But Saxo presents the older and no doubt cruder form of the legend with a force and breadth which the intermediary Belleforest wholly lacks, and those who are wont to think of Saxo as a mere provider of dry bones for Shakespeare to infuse with life, will read his vivid narrative with relish and surprise. The question of the relation between Saxo's Amleth-story and the Roman Brutus legend is discussed with learning and judgment by Mr. Elton in the same appendix; and Mr. Powell adds a suggestive hint, grounded upon the one allusion to the story prior to Saxo, that the kernel of the whole may be a "Sea-Hamlet,"—of the type of those folk-tales in which the hero takes vengeance upon a usurping king "by letting in the sea upon his palace and realm, which is sunk below the waves."

One other tale with which our literature has a certain, though doubtless a far less vital concern, can only be touched briefly. There is a passage in *Beowulf* (v., 204 f.)

* 'Saxo Grammaticus.' Danish History, Books I.-IX. English Version, by O. Elton. Commentary by F. York Powell. (D. Nutt.)

where an unnamed "old warrior" incites the young Headobeard prince Ingeld to slay the Dane who has appeared in the hall armed with the sword by which Ingeld's father had perished at Danish hands. Our editors do not notice the parallel, but Müllenhoff has, we think, made it clear (*Beowulf*, p. 42) that Saxo's story of Starcad and Ingellus (vi., p. 250) originally described the same event. Saxo at least gives a profusion of details which accord extremely well with the outlines of the English tale, as well as some which belong to a Denmark of more recent date. Thus Saxo's Starcad is the ideal of the fierce and hardy heroism of the North, and his indignant taunts at the effeminate Ingellus, who, lapsed in the luxurious feastings of Germany, lets go by the season of vengeance, are instinct, as Mr. Powell puts it, with 'the Puritanism of the eleventh century.'

Saxo is here for the first time translated into any other language than Danish; and we have desired chiefly to give some idea of the immense intrinsic interest of a book hitherto strange to all but scholars. We must not, however, omit to do justice to the very full and valuable introduction. The first six sections, by Mr. Elton, deal attractively with the literary and historical aspects of Saxo; the remainder, more than a hundred pages, by Mr. Powell, treats his "Folklore," his "Materials and Methods," and his "Mythology." In a delightfully unpretentious fashion which sometimes recalls Jakob Grimm, and with a keen relish like his for the homely and primitive lore which underlies the official mythologies of the past, and survives them, Mr. Powell pours out his stores of parallels and illustrations. What he modestly calls a "Folk lore Index" is in reality an elaborate survey of Saxo's matter of this kind, full of stimulating comparison and suggestion. Of exhaustive treatment there can be of course no question. One could wish, however, for some reference to the discussions of Saxo in Bugge's *Studier*. But Bugge is not once cited in the whole volume. It is a trifling blemish, but still one of some practical importance for the lay-reader, that the spelling of names is far from uniform; and a table of corrections printed at the end is not exhaustive. Mr. Powell adheres to the strange plan adopted in the *Corpus*, we have never been able to understand why, of rendering Norse names by their real or supposed Old-English equivalents. Thus *Angantyr* becomes *Angantheow*; Mr. Elton, more rationally, gives us *Anganty*. "Orvar-odd"—a name ingeniously identified by Bugge with *Hercules*—is elsewhere "Arvar-odd" or (half-translated) "Arrow-odd." Unless some abstruse system of transliteration is again concerned, the "Helga" attributed to *Beowulf* (p. lxiv.) should be *Halga*. By a curious slip Hygelac the Geat, whom we know to have died c. 520 A.D., is said to have "flourished c. 400 (p. cxv)." But such things impair but slightly the value of a very important gift to scholarship.

C. H. HERFORD.

MR. CONWAY'S HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION.*

If Mr. Conway's book be not so full of hair-breadth adventures and of strange stories as some other books of travel, none but the most sensation-loving readers will find it the less interesting. The adventures it contains are breathless enough, though all well within the margin of the credible; the record of exploration and observation is of the utmost value, and the narration of the whole has real and exceptional charm. Mr. Conway is not only a trained traveller, his natural pluck and nerve developed to their fullest extent, but he is a trained observer, too, sensitive to every passing interest, whether of landscape, antiquity, natural or human history. In this, his greatest book, we see the result of his previous work in its two special directions. There is the Alpine climber, his enthusiasm tempered by discretion, who attempts the barely possible, and knows when to resign himself before the impossible, and there is the lover of beauty, who has already been so considerable a contributor to the history and literature of art. The latter is visible not only in the very definite and delightful descriptions of scenery, but also in the humane spirit which breathes over the whole of the enterprise. The book is artistically arranged so as to give a full and picturesque description of the route, scenery, and incidents, all the way from Fenchurch Street to the Golden Throne in the Karakoram Mountains, and from thence southward and homeward. We are gradually worked up to the climax of interest, and our descent from that point is pleasant and leisurely, while the day to day sensations and impressions, with all the retrospects and comparisons that occur to so experienced a traveller, carry us over the ground with hardly one dull step by the way.

The experiences of Mr. Conway's two important predecessors in the exploration of these regions, Colonel Godwin Austen in 1860-61 and Captain Younghusband in 1887, were, of course, of value to the recent expedition. But their climbing and observation were on a much less extensive scale, and the gross result to scientific and geographical knowledge is much larger after the exploits of Mr. Conway, who did what only a particularly alert and many-sided traveller could do. He was skilled in the use of instruments and in photography, an indefatigable collector of minerals, plants, and insects, and the maker of a map which puts out of court all the previous ones of the region. His caravan, when he started from Bandipur, consisted of 104 men. Among the seven Europeans, besides Mr. Conway, may be mentioned the accomplished artist, Mr. A. D. McCormick, whose sketches are so prominent and attractive a feature of the book, the Hon. C. G. Bruce, of the Fifth Ghurkas, and Matthias Zurbriggen, whom Mr. Conway pronounces to be the best guide to be found anywhere. Three were Ghurkas, whose temper, pluck, and wits were all of the best, "who worked the more admirably the more their energies were called upon, and the less usual the conditions by which they were surrounded." The rest were mostly coolies, and to keep them to the right point of endurance and resolution evidently needed much tact and patience on the part of the leader of the expedition. The party divided at times. But in the joint efforts they covered a vast amount of practically unexplored ground, from Gilgit to Nagyr, thence to the Hispar Pass, the Biafo and Baltoro Glaciers and to the Pioneer Peak near the Golden Throne.

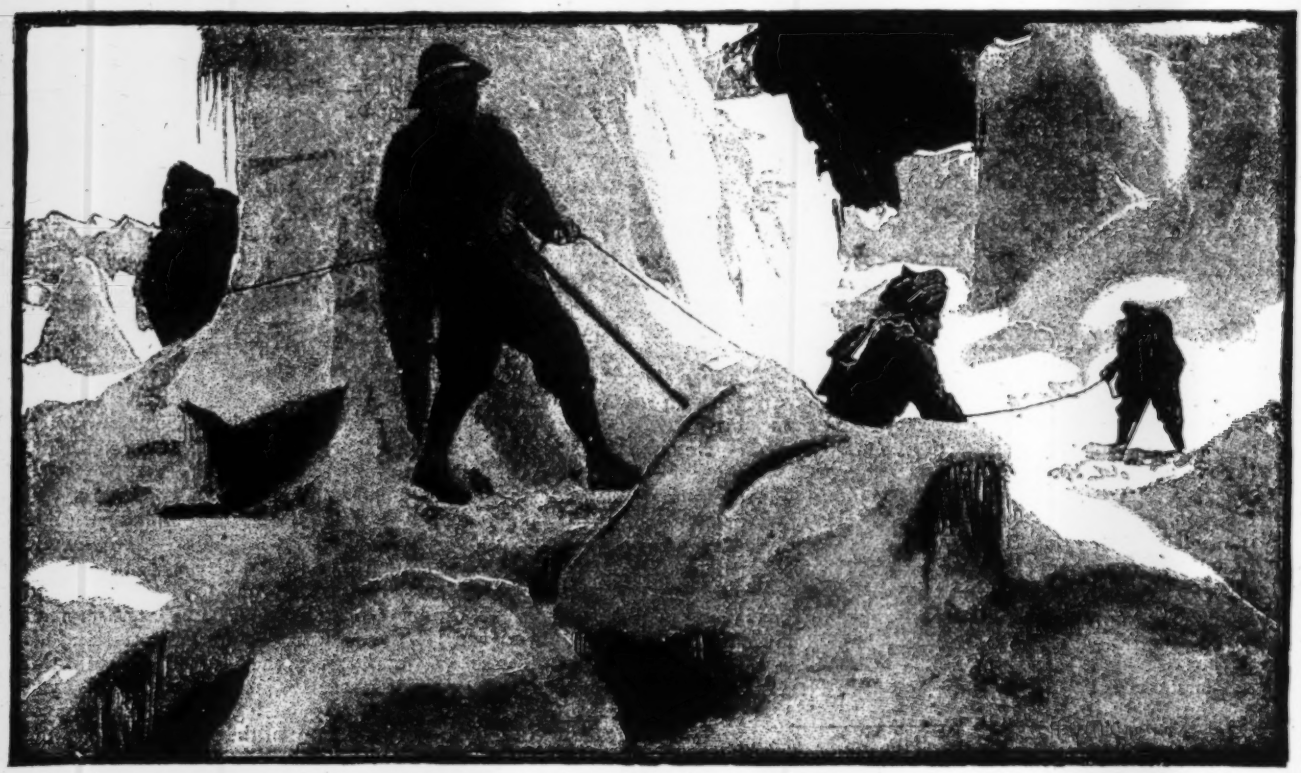
Just enough insight is given into the darker sides of such an expedition—the glimpses of death and starvation, the struggle to keep alive weaker energies and vitalities, illness, weariness, baffled enterprises, loss of valuable baggage. Mr. Conway is too practical and conscientious a narrator to omit notice of these. His book, indeed, is an indispensible guide for other travellers, Himalayan or even merely Alpine, who cannot afford to ignore his suggestions as to equipment, and his information on the omissions and mistakes made on his own expedition. Let climbers read what Zurbriggen has to say of boots on p. 510. But his report of hardships is never overdone. In the discomfort of insect bites, frost bites, sunstrokes, mountain sickness, you never lose the fine exhilarating feeling of the greatness of the expedition, and the sublimity of the sights all along the route. Besides, there was a high level of endurance in the party, if the timid but harmless coolies be excepted. The Ghurkas were ready to be merry with or without opportunity, and the Europeans were generally at the worst loftily resigned. "In Switzerland," reflected Zurbriggen, "if one has to go for an hour over moraine *so flucht Mann*, but here one walks over it the whole day and says nothing." From time to time, in the lower regions at least, they met with the hospitality and cheering company of English officers. Mr. Conway makes most cordial acknowledgment of this, and, indeed, leaves us with the impression that his party were always being given with willingness and grace the very last stores of food, and even of tobacco.

It is a book to be quoted from if one had space. His description of the Kashmir valley, though not new, is entrancing; so is that of the camp at Mikiel, where "the scales of the Alps fell from his eyes," and "the mightier magnitude of the region was revealed to him." But perhaps a line or two from the story of the ascent of Pioneer Peak, the limit of their journey, will best describe the danger, the excitement, and the sublimity of their enterprise:—

"Our advance was necessarily slow, and the terrible heat which the burning rays of the sun poured upon our heads did not add to its rapidity. There was plenty of air upon the actual ridge, and now and again a puff would come down upon us and quicken us into a little life; but for the most part we were in the midst of utter aerial stagnation

* 'Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram Himalayas.' By W. M. Conway, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., with 300 Illustrations by A. D. McCormick, and a Map.

which made life intolerable. . . . I was dimly conscious of a vast depth down below on the right, filled with tortured glacier and gaping crevasses of monstrous size. . . . I asked myself upon which of the rocks projecting below should we meet with our final smash, and I inspected the schrunds for the one that might be our last not unwelcome resting-place. Then would come a reaction, and for a moment the grandeur of the scenery would make itself felt." They reached the summit and sat down. "Framed in the passes I have mentioned there were glorious mountain pictures; that to the south, looking straight down the great Kondus valley and away over the bewildering intricacy of the lower Ladak ranges being especially fine, and rendered all the more solemn by the still roof of cloud poised above it at a height of about 25,000 feet. When one beholds a small portion of Nature near at hand, the action of avalanches, rivers, and winds, seem tremendous, but in a deep extending view over range after range of mountains, and valley beyond valley, Nature's forces are reduced to a mere trembling insignificance, and the effect of the whole is majestic repose."



Mr. Conway says his journey was "throughout delightful." He earned his enjoyment. At least his account of it is "throughout delightful." He has the true traveller's spirit, the enthusiasm for adventure without the vainglory, the love of beauty, and the conscientious endeavour to add to the sum of the world's knowledge.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT.*

When about a year ago I had to perform the difficult task of reviewing in these columns a work of which part coincided in scope with Mr. Hardy's, the one complaint I had to make of it was that, so far as Roman history was concerned, it belonged to the pre-Mommsenian period. The same criticism cannot be made on Mr. Hardy's book. He has studied with the minute and accurate zeal that is characteristic of him Mommsen's epoch-making article on the action of the Roman Empire towards the Christians. He has worked out Mommsen's views in a much longer and fuller way than the great historian did; and he has rarely, if at all, wandered from the path which was marked out by his guide. Everyone who desires to master the subject will read and think over Mr. Hardy's little book; and no one can fail to derive much from the time that he spends in this way. But everyone who has studied Mommsen carefully appreciates the danger to which his follower is liable: the combined genius and erudition of the great German scholar is apt to dominate his pupils, and to deprive them for the time of their own individuality. The personal element which is needed to give suggestiveness and force to a historical work is not always imparted by Mommsen's followers to their writings; and a doubt will probably sometimes rise in the mind of Mr. Hardy's readers, whether he has not occasionally been unconsciously impelled by his guide, rather than carried by his own reasoned conviction to his opinions. The chief fault I have to find with the book is that it would probably have more life, organic cohesion, and character, if Mr. Hardy had put more of himself into it. On the other hand, the criticism will probably be considered by many as a proof of the judicial and unprejudiced character of the work.

Mommsen's paper in the *Historische Zeitschrift* is accessible to few readers in Great Britain, for the number of copies of that journal which reach England must be very small; and Mr. Hardy's work will do much to familiarise the public with its results, though he himself would doubtless be the first to say that nothing can quite compensate for the failure to read Mommsen's own exposition. Further than this, he has collected the available evidence very clearly, and stated it (usually in the actual words of the authorities) in a convenient way. As a summary of the known facts, it seems to me to surpass greatly any other book I have seen so far as handiness and skill in selection are concerned, though Neumann's and some other German works surpass it in fulness of statement.

Mr. Hardy very often refers to my own work on the same subject; and nothing could be more kindly and gracious than the way in which he does so. This is more remarkable, because, though in many details he expresses agreement, yet in a considerable number of cases he refers to me in order to disagree and to criticise. On the whole, however, we take views that are very similar; and in general, where no disagreement is expressed, the presumption is that we agree. But this agreement is not due to the priority of my book. It arises from other causes; and those parts of my work which contain most of my special

* 'Christianity and the Roman Government: a Study in Imperial Administration.' By E. G. Hardy, M.A. (London; Longmans, 1894, pp. 208.)

opinions are precisely those which Mr. Hardy dissents from. He says in his preface with perfect truth, "I am not conscious that my treatment of the subject is in any essential respect different from what it would have been if I had written it before Prof. Ramsay's book appeared." While I may perhaps feel a pang of regret that I have failed to convince him, a moment's reflection shows that on his principles it is inevitable that we should differ. Our divergence begins from our varying estimates of the authenticity of the Christian evidence, for he regards as of doubtful date some books which I accept as of first century origin, and his opinion of the character of the Christian evidence differs widely from mine. As was stated in one of my articles in the *Expositor*, "if the question had to be decided on the pagan evidence alone, . . . Prof. Mommsen has said all that can be said, and I should accept his statement without a word of comment as being (like so much of his work on Roman history) a decisive, impartial, and perfect outline of the view which the evidence accessible suggests." Accordingly, when, for example, Mr. Hardy (p. 80) leaves out of consideration all evidence derived from the Pastoral Epistles, because their early date is a controverted point, it becomes quite impossible that he should follow me where I feel compelled to diverge from Mommsen; and when he quotes the latter and Dr. Sanday as having independently adopted the same opinion that he holds on the point in question, it has to be added that both these high authorities, from different reasons, "have preferred to discuss the subject purely on the one class of evidence and to leave the other out of sight."

It seems, however, slightly inconsistent that Mr. Hardy should accept my account of the importance of St. Paul's case (p. 64); for there is absolutely no evidence that Paul was acquitted except in the historical character of the Pastoral Epistles. On the other hand, if Paul was condemned in 62, then the condemnation was a precedent, and implies a similar issue for all Christian trials in future, and in fact proves that what we may style the supreme court of the empire authoritatively decided in 62 that the preaching of Christianity was a capital offence. But, if that were the case, then Tacitus's account of the events of 64 is false. The best result of my discussion is to show that Tacitus implies that Christianity had not been condemned before 64, and that, therefore, St. Paul had not been condemned; and if he was acquitted, then the one historical argument against the early date of the Pastoral Epistles—viz., that they show Paul living and travelling for some years after 62—loses all force.

I do not, however, wish to be led into a discussion. I wish only to show that the differences between us are mainly due to our general historical attitude. All who, like Mr. Hardy, accept Neumann's description of the Christians as "united only by a common belief, and expecting the speedy end of all things," and think that "this seems correctly enough to describe the state of affairs till nearly the close of the second century" (p. 162), must necessarily disagree with the additions that are made in my book to Mommsen's exposition. All such will probably find themselves in general agreement with Mr. Hardy at our points of divergence from each other.

It is a gratifying proof of the progress which Roman history has made in recent years that, in spite of our total disagreement as to the character of the Church and the historical weight of the early Christian writings, Mr. Hardy and I should be in agreement on such a large number of the questions that emerge in his book—questions which were answered in such widely divergent ways by almost every one before Mommsen cleared up the subject.

W. M. RAMSAY.

THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE.*

There are poets who seem in our mind-pictures of them to live in gardens, as others on stormy coasts or bleak hillsides. Mr. Austin, with others greater and less, is of the garden order, and very fit, therefore, to celebrate that borderland of nature where the gentler poets and the tired householders, the young who are timid and the old who are wearied of straying, meet in a common delight. Mr. Austin does not merely make lyrics about his garden. He knows all about it in health and sickness, by morning and evening, he has made experiments and theorised on it, coaxed it, and, very evidently, lived in it. His is just the experience out of which the best books of the kind are made, joining poetical sentiment and practical acquaintance. Readers may go with confidence to this one for garden lore, lyric spirit, and that gentle humanity that gardens seem specially to nourish.

Only, it is not what such a book has, doubtless a small, but a fascinating chance of being. It is not a bit of literature. Its garden lore and its lyrics are both delightful, but, alas, there is more. The poet gardener is not alone in the garden. There is Veronica, a domineering spinster, who is not a very gracious presence. And the joke about her passion for Sheffield plate tea-urns should not look for success outside intimate family circles. There is Lamia, too, a flighty young lady of genius, whom the gardener adores and preaches at. But she is little better than a hobbledehoy. And there is the poet who is much too sententious. Sometimes their talk is amusing, and often it is not, and when they do say pretty things about lyrical gardens and tragical gardens, we can't help comparing their rambling talk with what Helps did so much better. They are best when they speak in verse.

> "Had I a garden, it should grow
> Shelter where feeble feet
> Might loiter long, or wander slow,
> And deem decadence sweet;
> Pausing, might ponder on the past,
> Vague twilight in their eyes,
> Wane calmer, comelier, to the last,
> Then die, as Autumn dies."

This pretty book would have been prettier without some of the pictures. Some of them represent spots in a garden much too vast to love, and others, the interiors, make us think of the interviewer with his kodak. But, though all that the name and our sentiments about gardens suggest may not be fulfilled in Mr. Austin's chapters, we own to receiving much quiet pleasure from them, and feel grateful that he has permitted us for a while to be, in the words of another poet of intenser passions but similar tastes, among the "guests gathered in the garden, comrades of the tulip and the rose."

* 'The Garden that I Love.' By Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.)

CRITICISMS ON CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT AND THINKERS.*

To many persons the repose and refreshment of Saturday evening have been, for the last thirty years, indissolubly associated with the *Spectator*. Reading its paragraphs of news, we have felt more confident that nothing important had escaped us during the week, and that we were posted up to date; passing to its leaders, even when resenting their omniscience and their casual introduction of recondite information, we have never failed to apprehend more clearly the issues of political movements; turning with some sense of relief from these strenuous columns to those dealing professedly with current literature, we renew old acquaintance and revise opinions formed some months ago, while now and again we come upon work that needs no signature, but declares its authorship in every sentence. To these unmistakable articles, and to the delicate touch that is identified with the small-print columns, the *Spectator* owes much of the extraordinary devotion it has kindled in many readers. The great problem has been how to preserve these articles. Fanatics have cumbered their private book-shelves with heavy volumes which steadily increase in number; wiser men have used the scissors and preserved only what they felt they could not allow to pass into oblivion. But whatever method has been adopted, no one has been quite satisfied; and it will be the truest satisfaction to many to find that Mr. Hutton has at last gathered nearly eighty of his papers, and published them in these two pretty volumes.

There are critics, happily still living and writing, who surpass Mr. Hutton in some special department; notably

* 'Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers.' Selected from the *Spectator* by Richard Holt Hutton, M.A., London. 2 vols. (Macmillan and Co.)

the contributor who from time to time hands over lavishly to the readers of the *Athenæum* the results of life-long study of poetry and its principles, or the scholar to whom the public voice would at once refer any question arising in connection with the literature of France. But apart from specialities and acquirements, measuring the natural power of discerning what is good and what evil in literature, and of showing reason why one author should be preferred to another, measuring the power to see the essential significance of one author, and to set him in his true place and relation to his time, it would probably not be far wide of the mark if we said that during the generation that is passing away, we have had three supreme critics—James Russell Lowell, Matthew Arnold, and Richard Holt Hutton. In Lowell we have, no doubt, a more complete and learned knowledge of literature; in Arnold a more magical insight; but the sanity and versatility of Mr. Hutton's criticism, his fairness and width of sympathy, entitle him to a foremost place. He has limited himself, or his circumstances have limited him, to a study of his "contemporaries"; and yet this is only an apparent and partial limitation, for among his contemporaries have been Carlyle, Emerson, Newman, Darwin, Ruskin, Martineau, Dickens, Arnold, J. Stuart Mill, and as a judicious estimate of these and the other writers who have illustrated the Victorian era there is nothing to compare with Mr. Hutton's criticisms. These volumes are not merely a present delight to all lovers of literature, but they will afford the most valuable assistance to the future historian of the nineteenth century. It is unfortunate that Mr. Hutton has not found occasion to give us his estimate of Thackeray. And indeed the novelists generally may think they have reason to complain, considering that in his previous volume Mr. Hutton devoted to George Eliot so large a proportion of his space. But it is a true instinct which has guided Mr. Hutton. He is at his best when dealing with books of a more serious and weighty character, such as Martineau's 'Types of Ethical Theory,' or the writings of Leslie Stephen or Newman. It is in discussing philosophical and theological problems that the reality and solidity of his judgment is felt, and there must be many persons who ascribe it to Mr. Hutton's writings that they now see clearly what Christianity is and are able to hold it tenaciously. While writers so carefully instructed, so conscientious, and so serious as Mr. Hutton continue to write for the press, it will always command the respect of the country. To recommend Mr. Hutton's work to the readers of the *Spectator* is superfluous; to those outside that happy number it can only be said that they have now an opportunity of, in some measure, repairing their loss. MARCUS DODS.

THE EVANGEL OF FOLK-LORE.*

The recent revival of Irish literature has been very largely a folk-lore revival, an awakening of interest in the wisdom and ways of the poor, and in the poems and legends handed down among the cabins. Past Irish literary movements were given overmuch to argument and oratory; their poems, with beautiful exceptions, were noisy and rhetorical, and their prose, their stories even, ever too ready to flare out in expostulation and exposition. So manifest were these things that many had come to think the Irish nation essentially rhetorical and unpoetical, essentially a nation of public speakers and journalists, for only the careful student could separate the real voice of Ireland, the song which has never been hushed since history began, from all this din and bombast. But now the din and bombast are passing away, or, at any rate, no longer mistaken for serious literature, and life is being studied and passion sung not for what can be proved or disproved, not for what men can be made do or not do, but for the sake of Beauty "and Time's old daughter Truth." Let us be just to this din and bombast; they did good in their day, helped many an excellent cause, made the young more patriotic, and set the crooked straight in many ways, but they were of practical and not poetical importance. Compare the method of the older writers with the method of the new, and lay the difference at the door of the folk-lorist, for it is practically with his eyes that Miss Barlow, Miss Lawless, Mr. Standish O'Grady, and Mrs. Hinkson in her later work, look at Irish life and manners, and it is he who has taught them to love the wisdom and ways of the poor, the events which have shaped those ways and that wisdom, and the kings and heroes of the phantasies of the cabin with so simple a love, such a quiet sincerity. There is indeed no school for literary Ireland just now like the school of folk-lore; and, lest the school should lack teachers, every year brings us some new collection. Mr. Curtin, Lady Wylde, Dr. Hyde, Mr. MacAnally, Mr. Fitzgerald have already given us a goodly parcel of the ancient romance, and now comes Mr. Larminie with as fine a book as the best that has been.

Is not the evangel of folk-lore needed in England also? For is not England likewise unduly fond of the story and the poem which have a moral in their scorpion tale. These little stories of Mr. Larminie's have no moral, and yet, perhaps, they and their like are the only things really immortal, for they were told in some shape or other, by old men at the fire before Nebuchadnezzar ate grass, and they will still linger in some odd crannie or crevice of the world when the pyramids have crumbled into sand. Their appeal is to the heart and not to the intellect. They take our emotions and fashion them into forms of beauty as a goldsmith fashions gold, as a silversmith fashions silver. Our love for woman's beauty is for ever a little more subtle once we have felt the marvel of that tale of a boy who, finding on the road a little box containing a lock of hair which shone with a light like many candles, travelled through numberless perils to find her from whose head it had been shorn; our sense of pity is ever a little more poignant once we have understood the charm of that tale of the woman who dwelt seven years in hell to save her husband's soul, keeping—for such was her appointed work—the ever-bobbing souls of the lost from getting out of a great boiler, and then another seven years that she might have the right to take all she could carry, and bring the souls away clinging to her dress. Nor can our power of wonder be other than a little more transcendent when we have dreamed that dream of "the place where were seals, whales, crawling, creeping things, little beasts of the sea with red mouths, rising on the sole and palm of the oar, making faery music and melody for themselves, till the sea, arose in strong waves, hushed with magic, hushed with wondrous voices;" or of the magical adventurer who became for a year a grey flagstone covered with heaps of ice and snow, and yet died not wholly, but awoke again and turned to his adventures as before.

And there are a plenty of such things in Mr. Larminie's book, more, perhaps, than in any book of Irish folk-lore since Lady Wylde's 'Ancient Legends.' Dr. Hyde is by far the best Irish folk-lorist by the right of his incomparable skill as a translator from the Gaelic, and among the first of Irish story-tellers by the right of 'Teig O'Kane,' well nigh as memorable a masterpiece as 'Wandering Willie's Tale'; but his 'Beside the Fire' is no such heaped-up bushel of primeval romance and wisdom as 'West Irish Folk Tales.' Mr. Larminie gathered his store in remote parts of Donegal, Roscommon and Galway, and his book has the extravagance and tumultuous movement as of waves in a storm, which Mr. Curtin had already taught us to expect from the folk tale of the extreme west. When such tales are well understood; when the secret of their immortality is mastered; when writers have begun to draw on them as copiously as did Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Spenser, then will the rhetorician begin to wither and the romance maker awake from a sleep as of a grey flagstone, and shake off the ice and snow and weave immortal woofs again. W. B. YEATS.

* 'West Irish Folk Tales.' By William Larminie. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE ON TENNYSON.*

The first purpose of Mr. Brooke's study is seen in the bulk and the determined exhaustiveness of the volume. Its contents were delivered originally as popular lectures, and their very excellence as such makes their present defect. We have to wade through a superabundance of eloquent words, many repetitions, are hardly allowed to take anything for granted, or to make a single inference for ourselves. Nar-

* 'Tennyson.' By Stopford A. Brooke. (Isbister.)

rative, exposition, commentary, all begin at the very beginning, and no steps are omitted. Besides being a criticism of one poet, it is also a gospel of art and a social creed; a book in fact specially addressed to, or at least specially fitted to, the needs of young ardent souls on the threshold of the choice between the ideal and the matter of fact. To say that the taint of the preacher is over it would be bad criticism. It is, and legitimately, a sermon with Tennyson for its text. We can only hope that the gist of its literary criticism may be given us sometime in a more artistic form.

Of Mr. Brooke's sympathetic understanding of Tennyson it is impossible to speak too decisively. Perhaps no other living critic could so intimately interpret the poet's point of view; the opinions of poet and critic do not differ enormously, and what is of more importance, their intellectual temperament is much alike. Then the critic knows his poet not only with that quick general knowledge which modern criticism is often content with, but knows him line by line; he can correct or justify his own general impressions by the poet's precise words, and read the most intelligent meaning into detached phrases by the light of a long and intimate intercourse with the whole. He has watched the building of the poems, and examined all the materials out of which they are made. It is impossible not to be in very constant agreement with his judgments; you are driven back by them to Tennyson with fresh ardour and love. Whether you read the bulky volume through or or not, if you dip into it only here and there, the next book in your hands will be Tennyson's own; and so is the critic's purpose abundantly fulfilled.

The exceptions taken to Mr. Brooke's statements must be mostly in connection with the secondary intention of the book, which is concerned with the poet's relation to his time. It is natural that a preacher should desire help from a popular poet in winning a wide sympathy for the most generous and humanest impulses of his day. But the preacher has here entirely swamped the literary appreciator. A poet is not of necessity a social reformer. He is, or should be, a strong solvent power, loosening the bonds of custom where custom is mere convention. Tennyson happened to be early thrown among men not at all advanced as regards the general thought of the century, but beyond the average educated middle-class point of view, and with a strong missionary spirit. He caught their tone of opinion, infused it into his verse, and was pushed into the reputation of a thinker and reformer by the large class of English readers who infinitely prefer to be taught by preaching and doctrine than by art. He never went any further. All his life he was a cultivated man of very average opinions and powers of thinking. His gifts were something far apart, and so great were they that it makes his capacity or non-capacity for reading the immediate social or political situation a thing of hardly any importance at all. But Mr. Brooke seems always to be mourning that Tennyson was not a Socialist or something of the kind. Well, if he had been born half a century later, he probably would have been one. On other matters, too, the critic is over anxious. He wishes his poet to think and say and do the correct thing on every occasion. He even takes time to grieve a little because he celebrated the heroic blunder of the Light Brigade rather than the saner heroism of Inkerman. He is constantly wanting him to leave out his personal feelings and prejudices that are not quite amiable, or moral, or Christian, though he hides this generally under the objection that their expression is not artistic. Why should the fine human song in 'Maud,' "O that 'twere possible," be emasculated by the omission of—

> "And I loathe the squares and streets,
> And the faces that one meets,
> Hearts with no love for me."?

Mr. Brooke has coined a good word for Tennyson's Arthur, "underpassioned." Underpassioned is what he would have his poet be, and yet Tennyson was not of the mystic spiritual order of poets, but of the human, who lose their personal savour at the expense of their force. In spite of all the eloquent appeal which runs through the book for imagination as against intellect in art, this way of treating a poet is wanting in imaginative sympathy. Something of the same kind occurs in his commentary on the search for the Graal. Perhaps he is only too emphatically reflecting Tennyson; but in so far as Tennyson looked on the search as "only another form of sensualism"—he did not to anything like the extent suggested—surely the first duty of an intelligent critic was to separate himself from one who had so lost a magnificent opportunity and distorted a great tradition. This is all the more noticeable, too, because Mr. Brooke does such ample justice to that poem of Tennyson's old age, "Merlin and the Gleam." The Gleam and the Graal are one.

A very interesting chapter is that on Tennyson's Nature Poetry. No one has pointed out the poet's skill in this direction with more delicate appreciation. But I cannot follow him in some of his general statements. So far as Tennyson is "isolated" in this matter it is by a great distinction rather than a limitation, by his quick precise artist's eye which saw a picture where another would have seen vague colour or sentiment. In past times there are hardly any to compare with him in this respect, and in this age I can only think of one, a living English novelist. True, Tennyson did not invest Nature with a great mysterious personality, like Wordsworth, Shelley (sometimes), and Keats. But few do. He is not isolated in this limitation. At least it is far too much to say he has no separate joy in Nature apart from humanity, that "we are forced back by his Nature poetry either into human life or into the world of mere phenomena." Tennyson never chronicled the swaying of a bough, or the falling of a ray of light, but as an artist, which separates his chronicle entirely from the description of "mere phenomena."

Though exception be taken to some minor statements, Mr. Brooke's study, due allowance being made for its first purpose, is full of interest and value. It is a sane and cultivated appreciation of a great poet, and of the spirit of great poetry. G-Y.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.*

The first real appearance of Mr. Yeats's poetical drama was on its publication in book form. Whether it could ever be successfully put on the stage is doubtful, but certainly only under conditions which do not exist on our stage to-day. The very simplest of our actors has a tradition of theatricality which is alien to the perfect simplicity here.

It is a little folk lore tale made into a drama, very slight, perhaps even a trifle thin, but substantial enough to be the utterance of one of the great temptations of the world, a temptation only possible to rare and finely touched spirits, to whom the gains of the world are none at all. Maire, a newly married bride, falls under the spell of the faeries, and the faeries send their messenger on May eve to take her away from her home and her friends. Religion, superstition, worldly-wisdom, and warm human love, do their best to keep her back, but the faery music rings without, and the faery child within tells of a land

> "Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
> Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
> Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue,
> And where kind tongues bring no captivity."

The struggle ceases in Maire's death.

It is a little spirit drama full of meaning. On its more literal side it is not perfectly convincing. Into the mouth of the faery child is put too great a burden of faery philosophy; and the mere reading by the girl of the old book found in the thatch is hardly enough, without an inkling of her earlier nature, to prepare us for the struggle. Otherwise the poem is exquisite, very melodious, very clear; very sane are its human utterances, and of a weird beauty the faery ones. This is the motive of it all:

> "The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
> The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
> And the lonely of heart is withered away,
> While the faeries dance in a place apart,
> Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
> Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
> For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing,
> Of a land where even the old are fair,
> And even the wise are merry of tongue;
> But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
> 'When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
> The lonely of heart must wither away.'" G-Y.

* 'The Land of Heart's Desire.' By W. B. Yeats. (Unwin.)

NOVEL NOTES.

MONEY. By Emile Zola. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. (Chatto and Windus.) 3s. 6d.

The publication of this novel completes the English version of the Rougon-Macquart Series, translated by Mr. Vizetelly. One of the most powerful and one of the most terrible of the whole, it is sent out by the translator at this time in something of an evangelical spirit. For the sordid picture of financial life in France under the Empire contains, thinks Mr. Vizetelly, nothing more inhuman and hideous than an English Zola would be bound to chronicle were he to make the inside of London company offices the scene, and London speculators the characters, of his stories. The English Zola, he thinks, is hardly needed for the purpose; for the conditions, calamities, and crimes of our financial life are pictured with sufficient accuracy in 'L'Argent.' It is noteworthy that this book appears in English almost contemporaneously with 'Esther Waters.' They should exercise a great influence on public opinion concerning gambling in its two most dangerons forms. Only, Zola's, as it is a far more powerful book, is also the picture of a far more cruel and criminal vice. Mr. Vizetelly has translated the book into clear and vigorous English, and, with much discretion, has steered between the literal version, which might have offended, and the garbled one which would have been no use at all.

THE STORY OF A MODERN WOMAN. By Ella Hepworth Dixon. (Heinemann.)

A DAUGHTER OF TO-DAY. By Mrs. Everard Coles (Sara Jeannette Duncan). 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

It is only superficially that one can class these books together, but there is a more important likeness between them than exists in their titles, or in the fact that the heroines of both, after their experiences as art students in London and Paris, respectively, take to journalism for a living. There are morbid passages in the two books, but with abundant opportunities for morbidity of treatment, they are a deal more wholesome than most of the stories that have that queer thing in fiction, whatever she may be in fact, "a modern woman," for their central and sometimes very doubtful attraction. There the likeness ends. 'A Daughter of To-day' is a very clever novel, and the other is not. The writers' temperaments are fundamentally opposed; what draws a groan from one draws a laugh or a gibe from the other. Mary Erle, Miss Dixon's woman, isn't altogether of a piece; perhaps she is the liker life. But her precocious and unconventional childhood should not have been so much insisted on. It is not even skilfully used as a foil to her particularly submissive and unaspiring after career, when, with a docility that is quite conventional, she docks her stories to suit popular taste, and gives in to the humbug of society journalism with hardly a protest at all. Those childhood pages are fast becoming a mere habit of novel writers, and they are mostly superfluous and irrelevant. Mary had a lover, who made much of the unsuccess of her life, but he is distinctly the success of the book. Vincent Hemming, with his well-shaped forehead—"of the showily intellectual type"—his belief in the higher education of women, in spite of his Conservative principles, his laboured and persuasive articles in the *Fortnightly* on the future of the race and on ethical standards, his cold-blooded sentimentality, his grandmotherly manners, and his inextinguishable egotism, is so real a being that we feel hotly self-congratulatory he is not on the list of our acquaintances. There is reality, too, in good-natured, vulgar Perry Jackson, but he became an R.A with incredible quickness, though we admit that girls with roses, and girls in graveyards, and such like subjects are short cuts to life claims on the "line." The best in Miss Dixon's story reads like a literal transcript from life. There is little welding, and little art, but a good deal of sincerity and sympathy. It is not an inspiriting book. Mary, being jilted, takes to indifferent literary work, and gets tired out. Then Vincent, who has married a vulgar heiress, comes back, and makes love to her, and her conduct on the occasion is all it should be, if we admit the possibility of the flabby Vincent having some grains of fascination. She doesn't die, which is perhaps a pity, but lives to struggle with "awe-inspiring, inexorable, triumphant London."

Now Elfrida Bell, "the daughter of to-day," is altogether different. She isn't half so good, but she is—we assert it in the face of all Miss Duncan's apparent efforts to make us think the contrary—infinitely more charming, and, though she comes to a tragic end, infinitely more inspiriting. She is tossed and twisted about, and made to play the fool over and over again, but even before the tell-tale sentence in the last paragraph we are convinced that her inventor is as fond of Elfrida as we are. The book is a satire, and as such not altogether a success—perhaps the subject should have been handed to Mr. Meredith. But, superficially, it is admirable. Miss Duncan does not bungle, or miss fire, or call things by their wrong names. And she has that blessed gift of Heaven, unfailing humour. Mr. Rattray, the enterprising journalist, and Mr. Ticke, hero of light comedy when he has the chance, are worthy of Dickens. Elfrida, the ambitious young woman from Sparta, U.S.A., failing to persuade Lucien and his *atelier* that she is a Raphael, rushes across the Channel to Fleet Street, and does her level best to take it by storm. Her hunger and thirst after success or notoriety, mixed with her sympathetic and admirable understanding of art, and her magnificent conceit, make her a fascinating, but not very easy object of study. She takes herself with infinite seriousness, picks quarrels with her best friends on the sublimest and remotest of grounds, and when the painter who she thought, and with some reason, was her devoted lover, immortalises her motive power of egotism in his picture of the year, she tears the canvas in rags. On the other side must be placed her pluck, her general good-nature, and in spite of all her tricks and arts and escapades, her idealism and her loyalty to the art she quoted so much, but of which she had an inward vision that would have kept Kendal, had he married her, from the fate of a country squire. Successive blows come. The last is the attack on her novel in MS. by Mr. Jasper, a leading novelist and literary adviser to the firm of publishers to whom it had been submitted; she had once kissed Mr. Jasper's hand in public, and he was a true Briton. She doesn't thereupon reform out of her egotism, and behave like a reasonable being ever after. She just dies, and not altogether to make a sensation perhaps. A miserable failure of a life, doubtless, but who can wish she had stopped in Sparta, U.S.A.?

SAINT ANN'S. By W. E. Norris. 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Foley returned late in life to St. Ann's, an obscure watering-place in the south-western coast of England, merely because he had inherited property there, and with a very perceptible yawn. And the reader of the chronicles of St. Ann's yawns, too, at the beginning, for the human nature that gave neighbourly greetings to Mr. Foley was not very stimulating. A very virtuous Radical nobleman, an evangelical, athletic colonel and his doting sister, a nondescript vicar and vicaress, are not promising. Mr. Norris leads us gently along, however, fully confident evidently of our desire to sympathise with the excellencies of his company, and then, before our final revolt, brings on to the scene a wild African explorer and lion-killer, and that irresponsible, beautiful animal, his daughter, Lola. They create diversions, and make complications. The plot thickens, and the hero, young Foley, by dint of having to make a rather difficult way through these complications, is tried, and developed, till we own in the end he is not such a poor thing as he seemed to be. Still he never rises to the height of deserving a better fate than the hand of the mild anæmic daughter of the colonel. In spite of a vein of tragedy in it, your recollection of the book is that it is calmly pleasant, like a sleepy afternoon spent in well-bred company whom you have no manner of objection to. It is only when you remember Mr. Norris was your host that you wake up to a sense of disappointment that you were not better amused.

THE HON. STANBURY, and other Tales. By Two. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

It is right the Hon. Stanbury should take the book under his protecting title, for he rescued for the little time that remained to her on earth, at least one—he could do no more—of the spinster heroines from the horrors of a spinsterhood that was too hard for her, and with such gallantry that he seems almost to be, against his nature, the guardian angel of such lonely ones as have been passed by and do not love their neglect. The Hon. Stanbury thought women a

bore; they interfered with sport and digestion. Graces and tact he had none. He had a bovine shape, and he was greedy. Yet in defiance of his pious mother, his dignified brother, and his own lazy stupid habits, he married a poor half-starved *danseuse*, not a giddy young thing, but an elderly, struggling, respectable one, and was kind, nothing more. He was never outwardly the more interesting for his benevolence. "During the whole lengths of such evenings he would often repeat no remark more sentimental than some criticism of the cutlets they had had at dinner, or some opinion as to the precise extent as to which the entrails of a woodcock should or should not be served up with the delectable bird in its cooked state." But the love story of this bovine bit of humanity is beautiful nevertheless, touched by a true artist's hand. The same hand probably drew "Poor Miss Skeat," where we find ourselves one degree further into the shades of forlorn spinsterhood. But looked at sanely, there are more heartrending things in the world than the uncomely old maid hungering for beauty, and "the 'swish' of her draggled macintosh against the marble floor as she walked back to dream her barren dreams over the Antinous." The third story has some good conversation in it, but its misery is too unrelieved, and we miss the art that in the other two made strokes so delicate, apt, and sure.

IN VARYING MOODS. By Beatrice Harraden. (Blackwood.)

Miss Harraden's stories run from a very credible height indeed, down to a much lower level than the writer of 'Ships that Pass in the Night' could be expected to reach. The first story in this volume is charming, but "Sorrow and Joy," and "The Painter and his Picture," are written in that terrible pseudo-poetic prose and allegorical manner so much affected by the unpromising amateur, that we are filled with wonder Miss Harraden has not chosen to forget they came from her hand. "At the Green Dragon" has real originality. Hieronymus we make friends with at once, and for always. He was a historian out of health, and he settled down at the Green Dragon for rest and quiet work. He won his landlady's full confidence, and one day she bade him serve the ale. "He transferred himself, his pipe, and his book to the front kitchen, and prepared for customers. Hieronymus Howard had once been an ambitious man, but never before had he been seized by such an overwhelming aspiration as now possessed him—to serve out the Green Dragon ale." He was in a fever of excitement lest customers should not come. At last "he was rewarded: in a few minutes a procession of waggons filed slowly past the Green Dragon; he counted ten horses and five men. Would they stop? . . . . Yes, they did stop, and four of the drivers came into the kitchen, 'Where is the fifth?' asked Hieronymus, sharply, having a keen eye to business." Joan's love story, and the parts played in it by the exciseman and Hieronymus, are pretty and pathetic. So pleasant and quietly humorous is the whole tale that if we saw a fault in it we shouldn't mention it. In the other stories there is generally an incongruous or unconventional situation which is amusing or pathetic, and the folks have a delightful habit of quiet and sympathetic speech. That is the good side. The other is that all the tales being sentimental, they hover dangerously on the brink of the maudlin, and once or twice they topple over.

THE SHEN'S PIGTAIL, and other Cues of Anglo-China Life. By Mr. M—. (Unwin.)

'The Shen's Pigtail' is one of the minor volumes of the Pseudonym Library. It has an interest as containing some vivid descriptions of Anglo-Chinese life, literal reports for the most part, we imagine. The first tale has the novelty of being a Chinese detective story. None of them have any artistic aim or achievement. They are the work of an amateur, very fair journalism, good enough to read and then to forget. But the series was not meant for this kind of thing, surely.

IN THE FACE OF THE WORLD. By Alan St. Aubyn. 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

"Alan St. Aubyn" has written pleasant enough novels to make a reader of one of them take up another without misgiving. But 'In the face of the World' has changed all that. It is a very depressing book; after reading it we feel we have been underfed for days. It is a philanthropic novel, but that is not our quarrel with it. Philanthropists are persons of bone and blood and muscle like the worst of us, and their society, in or out of a novel, should be as robust as other people's. But there is nothing and there is nobody robust here. Tristram Lushington was heir to a brewery and millions, and he gave them up for conscience' sake. The surrender had, of course, to include his sweetheart, the high-born Mary, too. Then he joined a mission in the East End. Well, these were all manly things to do, and why was not a fine breezy story made out of them? But he was a puling creature, and so were all his friends and companions, and they lived in a sodden atmosphere. The one spark of life comes from the gouty old brewer, who once bitterly, and with some reason, remarked, "I did not know that my son had joined a sisterhood." The fact is, everybody who crosses the pages, save the gouty brewer occasionally, is the shadow of a shadow. The breath of life is not in their nostrils; and in the name of all the good causes the writer has at heart we appeal to her to endeavour to make their service a less flabby affair. It doesn't improve matters that Tristram comes in for his father's baronetcy, a million of money—he had developed convenient ideas about the stewardship of wealth—and Mary, who in the meanwhile had turned philanthropist too.

OUTLINES. By Florence Henniker. (Hutchinson.)

For all their apparent simplicity, a close examination of these short stories will reveal a good deal of ambition in their design. Unconventional studies of character, their writer's aim is after quiet effects and subtle readings of the human heart and motives. There is a very deliberate attempt to fill in the 'Outlines' with fine work. The ambition is to some extent justified, for not one of the stories is commonplace, either in incident or treatment, and "A Statesman's Love-lapse" just escapes being very successful. But it leaves us, hardly less than the others, with the feeling that the writer is a clever amateur who might do much, and who yet might equally lose her way in straining after an artistic aim, very fascinating and very elusive.

A MODERN BUCCANEER. By Rolf Boldrewood. 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

The great blot on this good story is the third volume. It has no right to exist at all, for the modern buccaneer disappears from our view in the second, and the third only chronicles the doings of the buccaneer's admirer, Telfer, after he had turned serious and thought of settling in life. Telfer's rescue by Miranda, and his domestic happiness with that admirable lady who combined all the barbarian virtues with the graces and accomplishment of civilisation, do not in the least make up for the fact that the real hero has disappeared. Hayston, the buccaneer, is of the conventional type, enormously strong, of great personal beauty and magnetic attraction, brave and cruel and magnanimous, just as circumstances and his temper dictated. But the reality of the narrative largely makes up for the artificiality and conventionality of the hero's type. Indeed, the story in the first two volumes is admirably told, having all the look of a record of actual adventure, only trimmed enough so as to leave out the irrelevant matter which is apt to creep into real accounts written *à premier coup*. The descriptions of scenery, natives, and trading, legitimate and otherwise, in Samoa and the other South Sea islands, are admirable, and we have no hesitation in saying that so far as the writing is concerned, 'A Modern Buccaneer' is the best thing Mr. Boldrewood has done. But, we repeat, the third volume is a mistake.

TOM SAWYER ABROAD. By Mark Twain. (Chatto and Windus.)

"By-and-by Tom's glory got to paling down gradu'ly, on accounts of other things turning up for the people to talk about, . . . and there warn't no more talk about Tom to speak of, and you never see a person so sick and disgusted." So he never rested till he found another adventure that should make his name famous. It was a balloon adventure, and the history of it may be added to the already very heavy mass of African travel literature. It won't lighten it, for into Tom's sick striving for fresh renown one cannot help reading the desperate exhaustion of his author's invention in this direction at least. Tom was a promising boy, in the old days. He is mostly conceited and sententious now. He says a shrewd thing or two, but all his adventures with

balloons, and lions, and tigers, and dervishes, and the incongruity of American new humour meeting African barbarism and strangeness, hardly do more than provoke a wearied smile.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. By W. H. Wilkins and Herbert Vivian. 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

From Mr. Vivian ("sometime editor of the *Whirlwind*"), one expects considerable breeziness in a novel. 'The Green Bay Tree' is a very elaborate, conscientious, and weighty work, but not at all breezy. It is doleful, in fact, for does it not chronicle the flourishing of the wicked man? Coryton, the central figure, is a, on the whole, successful cad. By dint of selfishness, meanness, and fraud, he makes for himself a precariously comfortable position in life. Tyrconnell, a good-natured weakling, is generally cheated and dies of consumption, brought on, we imagine, by the weary companionship of the most objectionable young woman of the pious order that we have met with in any novel for many a long day. Both novelists, however, are agreed in seeing a halo round her head. There is some really good work in the book, several careful studies of scenes and character. Both authors have taken themselves and their task very seriously, and with most fastidious conscientiousness are their respective portions allotted to them in prefatory notes. The blot on the book—but perhaps they would refuse to see it—is that much of the kind of society they paint is not worth while taking seriously at all. Idleness, frivolity, and luxury, are only fitly treated in satire, light and graceful, or savage, according to the satirist's temper. But 'The Green Bay Tree' is not a satire, although its motto is "Difficile est satiram non scribere." No one need for a moment take the earlier scenes at Harrow and Cambridge as typical of the life of more than a small section of English lads, but the complacency with which the utter vulgarity of the interests and conduct of those chosen for description is chronicled causes one to ponder.

A SON OF THE FORGE. By Robert Blatchford. (Innes.)

William Horner was a son of the forge, having been born in the Black Country, and bred a chainmaker. But he found the forge a brutal parent, escaped, came to London, 'listed, fought in the Crimean war, came back and married, in the most romantic fashion, a waif he had met on London Bridge on his first miserable entrance into London years before, emigrated, and was happy ever after. It is a story of a very simple kind. There is no ambition in plot or in style. The characters are simple, and most of them commonplace, but not many books of far more complicated design leave a reader with a greater feeling of respect. The general level of workmanship is good, its moral tone never descends to moralising; its pictures of life are truthful, and its humour, if a scanty quantity, is genuine.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ENGLISH PROSE SELECTIONS. Edited by Henry Craik. Vol. II. 16th Century to Restoration. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

SELECT SPECIMENS OF THE GREAT FRENCH WRITERS, in the 17th, 18th, and 19th Centuries. Edited by E. Fasnacht. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The second volume of Mr. Craik's selections, including extracts from all the eminent prose writers from Bacon to Cudworth, has not the stamp of a distant epoch on it, but it has the more interest for a student of English prose. The names of Bacon, Donne, Burton, Hale, Hobbes, Howell, Rutherford, Browne, Walton, Fuller, Milton, Jeremy Taylor and Henry More, suggest wide variety and even opposition, in matter, point of view, and style. For the most part their characteristics are amply represented. Of the short preliminary criticisms very few are superfluous or commonplace. Nearly all are suggestive, and contain something freshly put or something to be disagreed with, leading us to re-examine with interest the passage concerned. These are volumes of noble prose, inspiring and inspiriting.

For the other book of selections it is impossible to say as much. It has excellent points: the criticism, some of it by eminent writers, is interesting and valuable, and it would be difficult to improve on the section devoted to the age of Louis XIV. But the extracts from that time to the Revolution are too meagre, and those from the Revolution to the death of Victor Hugo are not only meagre but, we venture to think, ill-selected. The criticisms, too, on recent writers are timid and not always intelligent. There are striking gaps. M. Pailleron is, of course, a writer of clever comedies, but if room was found for him why not for men of the rank of Maupassant or Villiers de l'Isle Adam?

VISTAS. By William Sharp. The Regent Library. (F. Murray, Derby.)

To put these little stories, allegories, dialogues, whatever you like to call them, into their present shape, demanded real literary and artistic skill, which we should not like to be thought to undervalue. But yet they are all wrong. Telling of passion and the struggle of the soul in darkness, of the most terrible themes, they hardly ever make us afraid or sorrowful. To 'The Passion of Père Hilarion' one reader at least came with sympathy and desire to be impressed, found much matter for admiration in it, and yet at the most vital moment, in the most awe-inspiring surroundings, laughed in a way that was deeply disappointing to himself. Remorseful, he tried again with the same result. Of another, 'A Northern Night,' Maeterlinck is quite evidently the inspirer. Now Maeterlinckism will not suffer imitation. It becomes absurd at once in any hands except his own. But when Maeterlinck makes you creep and shudder, he does it to some purpose. There is a grim reality at the back of it all. Here there is no reality at all. Two lovers spending the night in a lonely hut have a fit of the shivers. As they skate home in the morning the fit has not passed off. Death and all kinds of horrors cross their path, but the disturber is not Death but a bodily messenger going for the doctor to corroborate the fact that an uninteresting old man, who would have married the girl had he lived, is dead. It is a most disappointing fizzle. So with the others. They are fine language, the echo, not the substance, of passion and strength.

ALLEGRETTO. By Gertrude Hall. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. (Unwin.)

A reader's best thanks are due to the writer of gay verse, the rarest of all things in words to-day. Miss Hall's verses are gay and graceful, and charming and unaffected. How seldom can one pile such pleasing adjectives on any kind of metrical achievements! After much uncertainty we have come to the conclusion that the best in 'Allegretto' is "Shadows."

> "Mistress Caroline and I,
> Carolus,
> When June glorifies the sky,
> Go on formal walks together,
> And exhaustively the weather we discuss."

Carolus is the most patient and willing to be pleased of all lovers.

> "In truth, her deportment's stiff
> And defiant;
> But that form in sweet relief
> On the sunlit, grassy ground,
> When there comes a little mound,—
> See, how pliant!"

And Mr. Herford's pictures are almost as good as the verses.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD for 1893. By William Archer. 2s. 6d. (Scott.)

Mr. Archer gives good reason for calling 1893 an *annus mirabilis* in the history of the modern English stage. Perhaps it may seem like a confession of poverty to cheer so lustily the special performances of last year, but then our poverty has been confessed long ago. Apart from their value as dramatic criticism the papers are of wide general interest, touching, and sometimes more than merely touching, on the literary and the social aspects of the plays, especially those that make some attempt to reflect the modern world truthfully on the stage. Mr. Archer's verdict is occasionally very controvertible, but his criticism is always intelligent, intimate, and generous. In his pleasant introductory letter to Mr. Lowe, he defends his passionate love for all true arts of the stage, for the stage itself under all conditions, and he will have it he and his fellow-enthusiasts are not alone.

"What lover of literature confines his love to masterpieces? Ultimately, on realising the shortness of life and the length of the British Museum Catalogue, he may read by the light of reason; but he is no true bookman if his love of literature did not grow out of a mere unreasoning passion for books, an itching of the fingers to turn the printed page, a lust of the eye after everything—except draughtboards—bound and lettered on the back."

A JOURNALIST'S NOTE-BOOK. By Frank Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Moore has taken many notes in the course of his career, and his bulky and garrulous volume leaves us with the impression that if he only had room and time, his good stories might have been still more numerous. It is always a great mistake to cull the stories from a book bristling with them. If you take the best one even, it has a poor look away from its setting, and you may so easily take the worst, and take away a book's best chance. Mr. Moore has known journalists at home and abroad; with English, Irish, and Scotch ones he has a wide acquaintance, good and bad, drunk and sober. Among journalists, for the sake of his amusing reminiscences, he includes reporters and proprietors. To proprietors of newspapers he is not complimentary. He has suffered, and now he repays, in biting reminiscences. Yet we gather Mr. Moore has had a good time as a journalist, and this is only natural in a man of social gifts and talents as a writer of fiction. Perhaps he is a little too hard on his unsuccessful brothers. Or is his inferential contention correct that want of success in the journalism of to-day means want of capacity? In an interesting chapter called "Outside the Lyceum Bill," some new reminiscences of Mr. Irving will be found.

SONNETS OF THE WINGLESS HOURS. By Eugene Lee-Hamilton. (Elliot Stock.)

There are a hundred sonnets here, and out of these only a few claim a high place for their poetic quality and workmanship. Yet there is not one idly made or slovenly in its dress. Art and books and nature, and, alas, human suffering, which has been too near a companion of their writer, are themes round which he has woven thought that is never commonplace, and words that have always dignity, and frequently melody, too.

CARMINA MARIANA. An English Anthology in Verse in Honour of or in relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Collected by Orby Shipley. 2nd Edition. (Burns and Oates.)

There is so much that is delightful in this anthology to the praise of Mary that it seems ungrateful to find fault. But it leaves a good deal to be desired. It is "a work of piety," and therefore poetical merit has not been made the main qualification for admission. If we cannot reasonably wish the editor's object had been different, we can wish his ideas of what tended to a devotional spirit had been more intolerant, for there is a great deal of maudlin verse in the collection. The best anthology would perhaps be one which should include, in their own tongues, all the best hymns to Mary. But if such a plan could win no popularity, it still remains to say that some of the translations here are poor. The arrangement and classification are chaotic. Yet with all its imperfections it is a treasure-house of religious fervour and tenderness.

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS DE — (1780-1793), Memoires Inedits Recueillis par Walter H. Pollock. (Remington.)

We suppose Mr. Pollock is the author of this little trifle in French and white vellum. Perhaps it is very stupid not to take this for granted, but it might be very impolite to suppose the French is not a Frenchman's, and with the language we have no manner of quarrel. There are difficulties both ways. Why anyone should take the trouble to make so thin an imitation of cynical wit in one's own tongue or another, and publish it with such dainty care, is difficult to comprehend. Says the hero of the Memoirs to his valet: "'Il me semble que Monsieur de Sarrazère n'aime pas mon vin de Bourgogne. Coupez la gorge à Monsieur de Sarrazère.' Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait. Ce drame enveloppé de mystère fut beaucoup discuté à Versailles, le Marquis n'en parla qu'une fois. 'Cet homme,' dit-il, 'm'ennuyait.'" The little book of about fifteen tiny pages of actual matter is hardly worthy of such an accomplished scholar and critic as Mr. Pollock. But the publishers have done their very creditable best to hide the fact.

CREATURES OF OTHER DAYS. By H. N. Hutchinson. 14s. (Chapman and Hall.)

This is a very fascinating book for readers scientific and non-scientific. The former will find it a convenient summary of all the researches from Cuvier's time till now, concerning the forms and features and habits of extinct animals. Others will find particularly stimulating to the imagination both the legends actually written on the rocks by the former presence of strange, unfamiliar creatures, and the ingenious guess work in the restoration of their external appearance, from bones and teeth, by Mr. Hutchinson and the illustrator, Mr. Smit.

STORY OF IRELAND. By A. M. Sullivan. 2s. 6d. (Gill, Dublin.)

The late Mr. A. M. Sullivan's 'Story of Ireland' for young people is an old favourite. Written in a genial manner, concerned chiefly with the poetry and romance of the subject, and not a mere chronicle of facts and dates, it won its place quickly in the hearts of youthful readers. With its abundance of stories, heroic verse, and pictures—they are bad, but spirited—it is written on the only model on which healthy children will tolerate history. We are glad to welcome a new edition of it as testimony to its continued popularity.

COUNT CAVOUR AND MADAME DE CIRCOURT. Some Unpublished Correspondence. Edited by Count Nigra. Translated by A. J. Butler. (Cassell.)

As a supplement to Cavour's biography this collection of letters is just interesting enough to justify their publication. Cavour was a somewhat formal letter-writer, and his correspondence with Madame de Circourt expresses rather esteem and general sympathy than intimate friendship. Nor is it very full of his own particular concerns and Italy's. His letters to her husband, more taken up with politics, are too scanty to be of value; while those from the lady to Count Nigra, beyond repeating her fervent devotion to the Italian cause as represented by Cavour's policy, and her devotion to his memory, have little general interest at all. Madame de Circourt had a famous *salon*, and played a considerable part in French politics and society till her death in 1863. Cavour found in her company, and in that of her friends, an intellectual stimulus, and at the same time a repose which were not to be had, he said, either in Italy or England. His strong and well-known desire for French sympathy with the Italian cause is visible throughout. The letters at least revive one's impression of Cavour if they hardly throw a new light on him.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A FEW.—Shows considerable vigour and courage. The difficulty about publishing it would be that, as it is not extraordinarily good from a literary point of view, its art would not force its success, and, though quite up to the standard of stories in average periodicals, it would be there considered too unconventional, and, perhaps, even dangerous.

ALASTAIR.—Do you realise what a great ambition it is to be "more than a minor bard?" To be a bard at all is something, and perhaps

out of your beginnings something may spring. They are only seed. The promising verses are the Cavalier's Song and the Eclipse. The "Miracle" has a good subject, but it is poorly handled. Throughout your metres are shaky, and you allow yourself such lines as "get plenty for to eat." The fragments, except "A Resolution," are poor. "Kaledon" is middling. You have the impulse to write poetry and you frequently rise above the average of boy's verse. I mean the criticism to be encouraging, but to be also an incitement to train your ear and your mind.

A. R.—The first difficulty of finding "a more permanent resting-place" for such a thing, is that unless you had a famous name, no magazine would accept an essay on such a much written about subject. The criticism is intelligent, but there is nothing new in it, and, as befits the place where it appears, there is much that is trite.

BULRUSH.—Metre wrong in the third line. Sounds pleasant, but it doesn't mean very much. Whose are the "careless feet," stanza 3? Reading verse 1 and then verse 5, I gather you sat up all night over your "memories." Don't. No. 2 also sounds pleasant. Did you mean me to fill in the missing line? Surely you can get a suggestion from "balm," "palm," or "psalm," the evidently necessary rhymes. By-the-bye, "path" does not rhyme with "hath," except in the Midlands.

C. E. G. D.—Try a comic paper. It is on the verge of being funny several times. Couldn't you have made the "Israelite" die of his "fad"?

CYMODOCE.—Very nearly good. A little stiff and inharmonious. And the last line is too much of a platitude.

DANESBURY.—Pretty in sentiment, and correct in metre. But the words and images are trite and conventional.

D. ST. REGULUS.—The two of any real worth are the unnamed one "How strange would thoughts" and the Experiment. The latter is not yet made; it wants a great deal of working, and the other is unfinished. But both are promising; they are not commonplace, they are poetical, and have considerable subtlety of feeling. Work at these two. I don't think much of the others. The sonnet is ponderous, and the triolets, rondels, etc., are rather niggling. By-the-bye, I don't follow all the train of thought in "How strange." Punctuation and construction are both loose. But it is the one that would have most chance of acceptance.

E. KHAY.—No, I do not think practice and study would have that result. But they might have an equally good effect, by heightening and refining your appreciation of other verse than your own.

ELF.—The "drawing book" looks very amusing. Of course, such a thing can't be criticised. It might be accepted, or not accepted, by a publisher of children's books, and in a case of this kind acceptance or rejection is everything. One doesn't do it for practice in art or literature. If the pictures were done in colour it might be more popular. It is quite amusing and original enough to deserve success.

F. G. B.—Very pretty metre, but I'm not quite sure what it's all about. I think the sound has run away with the sense sometimes. "O love! O love! it was hard to love, when the answer did not come!" is not in accordance with the disinterested sentiment of the rest. "Gave unto my seeing—sight" looks at the first glance a striking line, but it doesn't improve on acquaintance. "Swum" is a convenient rhyme to "dumb," but it is not permissible. Your verse needs a tighter rein.

GRIP.—The story is good enough, though not remarkably interesting. You could probably write it much better. The beginning is poor. Descriptions, to be readable, must be written with more care and art and point. You might offer it to a minor magazine, but I should first advise your overhauling the composition and punctuation. And, I should say, the handwriting would be apt to prejudice any editor in a hurry. It looks so very young and unformed.

HENRY TEMPLETON.—Fairly good on the whole, but a little monotonous in style, as all stories are apt to be told in the manner you have chosen. It would have been more effective had you narrated the events as they occurred instead of the man's recollection of them. Will might still have come into the plot. The most promising thing is the knowledge of human nature in the last sentence, but it is an unpopular kind of knowledge.

H. R. M.—Very fair considering your opportunities, though hardly good enough to stand a chance of success. But as you must have got over a great many technical difficulties unaided, there is good hope you may do something yet. The story's improbabilities are a little too prominent. The desperate author throwing the MS. into a street fire is not a conceivable picture. By-the-bye, you might read Anstey's 'Giant's Robe,' which deals with your situation. As to minor matters, correct spelling and clean copy are recommendations in an editor's eyes, and you should be more precise in your distinction between sentences and paragraphs.

KIT.—Much common sense in both of them; in the second the practical advice is excellent; but no poetry.

LOU.—A most ingenious form of torture. Did you invent it? The ingenuity is the good point in the story, and you might have some success with it in a minor magazine or paper. It is written in a style that passes muster in detective and highly sensational tales.

MORNA.—Very good, both of them. You may offer these to magazines with confidence that, at least, they deserve acceptance. Of the two versions of the last stanza of No. 1, the revised form is, on the whole, best; but line 4 in the other might be worth while keeping. In No. 2, is it not a mistake to change your rhyming system in verses 2 and 4? The third verse is the weakest. The construction is difficult to follow and not strictly correct.

OENONE.—Very correct verse. Yes, it has unity. It is "on" the subject, not round about it. It leaves a rather monotonous impression, as the subject is not dealt with in any fresh way, and it contains no strikingly eloquent lines. You have some skill in the craft of verse-writing, if only the matter be within you.

PELL MELL.—A pretty story, and nicely written. This kind of thing is very popular. I have no criticism on it to offer. Send it to a girl's magazine by preference.

ROUGE-ET-NOIR.—The satire is a little antiquated. Perhaps it does fit some communities yet, but if so it might have been given a less slangy form.

S. H. S.—Good and wholesome in tone and point of view. As a story rather feeble. The cruel letter is not skilfully composed, and the temptation to suicide somehow leaves one unconvinced of its strength. But a religious young men's paper might accept it for the sake of its robust sentiment. Don't use contractions. Is the strange word on l. 7 actually "brain-headed"?

SOLDIER.—No. 1 would do excellently, in MS., for next St. Valentine's day. No. 2 is magnificent in sentiment. You could easily induce your comrades to sing it to the very obvious tune. But with all due regard for patriotic feeling I think the last line is a trifle too exclusive. No. 3 I can't suggest a use for, but it is pretty and pleasing verse.

SPERO MELIORA.—No, this won't do at all. It is maundering. You have mistaken, doubtless strong, but incoherent feeling for inspiration. The metres are all wrong. There is no such word as "infinitite," and "earnest" is used in a topsy-turvy sense.

TENERORUM LUSOR AMORUM.—No. 1 a charming piece of gallantry. No. 2 a little heavy-footed for its subject. Your gallant and discreetly amorous verse must by this time be enough to fill a volume. Have not the Chlorises and Daphnes and the others tried to persuade you to give a wider fame to their praises?

TIMOTHY.—I wish you may have success, but I don't find this specimen very promising. It is very thin, neither serious nor amusing, doubtless good enough to start discussion when read at a society, but nothing more. Perhaps it is an unfavourable specimen. In any case, it is too slight to enable anyone to form a final view of your chances.

W. P.—Of the prose sketches, the comic one is bad. It is the kind of thing that gets printed and read and laughed over, I admit, when it is perhaps only a trifle wittier than yours. But at the best it is poor work. The story of the old woman is much better, very creditable indeed, while the third is very good, and deserves acceptance. In local custom, character, and dialect, you ought to find a far better field than the one you have been aiming at in No. 1. Sonnets next time.

ZETHUS.—Rather wordy. It misses its chance of entrance to the light journals by its serious and moralising vein. And it is hardly good enough for anything else. But local newspapers print this kind of thing frequently. The opinions, and the expression of them, are quite creditable, though they do not call for special praise.

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[*See p.* 84.]

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[*See p.* 90.]

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[*As good an edition as any teacher of junior classes need desire.*]

Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, Questions on, by J. Lees, 1/- Relfe

[*Useful to teachers. The questions on grammar, etymology, metre, and the other technical parts of the play are numerous, and those on the matter are well adapted for testing the pupils' intelligence. It may be used with any edition. Test-papers printed on perforated leaves will be found at the end, and there are blank pages interleaved for notes.*]

SHARPE, R. B.—A Handbook to the Birds of Great Britain, 6/- W. H. Allen

SMITH, J.—Monograph of the Stalactites and Stalagmites of the Cleaves Cave near Dalry, 7/6.....E. Stock

SOMERVILLE, A. A., and BYRNE, L. S. R.—Primary German Exercises, 2/- net .....Rivington

TWEEDIE, Major-General W.—The Arabian Horse, his Country and People, 63/-.....Blackwood

Vergil's Aeneid. Books, i.-iii., translated by A. H. Bryce, 1/- ....Bell

[*An admirable translation for the purpose for which it is intended—for general English reading. It is literal enough to be of use to students of the Latin text, also.*]

WRIGHT, E. B.—The Law of Principal and Agent, 18/- .....Stevens

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUSTIN, A.—The Garden that I Love, 9/- ..... Macmillan

[*See p.* 85]

BROOKE, S. A.—Tennyson, his Art and Relation to Modern Life, 7/6 Isbister

[*See p.* 86]

COSTLEY, T.—My Favourite Authors, 3/6 net.....Simpkin

CRUMP, J. F.—Greetings in the Market, and other Social Sketches S. Marshall

[*Good-natured and almost humorous platitudes.*]

DALE, O.—Strange Stories of Strange People, 3/6 ..... Henry

EMERSON, P. H.—Welsh Fairy Tales and other Stories, 2/- ....Grevel

EVANS, G. D.—The Non-Commissioned Officer's Guide to Promotion, 2/6 ..... Gale & Polden

Fallen Angels, a Disquisition upon Human Existence, by One of Them, 6/-.....Gay & Bird

FELTON, H.—Creation, its Law and Religion, 5/- ..... Stewart

[*The confident author sees how "all earthly miseries are explained," and "the great controversies of the day settled." His courage will be in itself a tonic to readers who do not find in his pages any new panacea for the ills of the world.*]

GIBSON, G. H.—Ironbark Chips and Stockwhip Cracks, illus., 5/- Longmans

Golden Thoughts for Noble Men and Women, selected by M. M. Braddyll, 2/6 net.....Macmillan

GRAHAM, D. S.—The New Werther, or The Wealsman's Wrath, 5/- net Allenson

[*Evidently a remarkable book, written in the style of an over-excited Jean Paul; we can see no resemblance to Werther. Its matter is, we gather, concerned with social reform, but whether its purpose be serious or not, one perusal has not given us assurance enough to declare.*]

GRAND-CARTERET, J.—L'Année en Images, 1893 ... Maison Quantin

[*A collection of French and other caricatures—political, social, and miscellaneous, with a very readable and entertaining preface by the editor, M. Jean Grand-Carteret. The caricatures are a very amusing reminder of recent events, but after looking at them appreciatively, one may not echo the words of the preface, "De toutes parts l'image monte et la litterature baisse."*]

Grapho, The Manual of Graphonography, 2/- ..... Morrish

[*An exposition of a new system of shorthand, with test exercises.*]

LABILLIÈRE, S. F. de.—Federal Britain, 6/- .....S. Low

LANDON, J.—The Principles and Practice of Teaching and Class Management, 5/- ..... Holden

MACCUNN, J.—Ethics of Citizenship, 4/6 net..... Macmillan

MANTEGAZZA, P.—The Art of Taking a Wife, 5/-.....Heinemann

POWELL, Lieut.-Col. W. H.—The Army Officer's Examiner, 20/- Gay & Bird

SENN, C. H.—Recherché Side Dishes, 3/6 ..... Haddon

[*A treasure to the housewife with ambitions, containing more than 500 receipts for hors d'œuvres, savouries, salads, Oriental dishes, etc. They are all pronounced to be "reliable" and "workable."*]

SKYRING.—Builder's Prices, 1894, 4/-.....Simpkin

SOUTHAM, A. D.—Typewriting as a Means of Earning a Livelihood 2/- Whittaker

TITMARSH, M. A. (W. M. Thackeray)—Loose Sketches, from the *Britannia*, 184 , 5/- net.

WEST, J. M.—The Elements of Military Topography, 2/6.....Clowes

WILDE, G., and DODSON, J.—Natal Astrology, 10/6..Occult Book Co.

[*This is a very abstruse and difficult book to master. For those on whose hands time hangs heavy, and who don't play chess, it would afford endless employment. The horoscopes of many famous personages are given, including that of Mr. Gladstone.*]

WILKINSON, S.—The Great Alternative, a Plea for a National Policy, 7/6.....Sonnenschein

NEW EDITIONS.

ABEL, R.—Cricket, and How to Play It, 6d. .....Dean

[*Hints for beginners, with the rules of the Marylebone Club. Clear, practical in tone, and cheap. Schoolboys will find no more convenient guide.*]

Alden's Sixpenny Guide to Oxford .....Alden, Oxford

[*Twentieth edition of a very serviceable and handy guide, with plan of the city and numerous illustrations.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between April 15th and May 15th, 1894:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Lombard Street in Lent. 3s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)
2. If Christ Came to Chicago. Stead. 2s. 6d. (Marshall.)
3. A Cup of Cold Water. Morlais Jones. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
4. Physicians' Testimony to Christ. Clarke. 6s. (Christian Evidence Society.)
5. How we got our Bible. Smith. 1s. (Bagster.)
6. To Right the Wrong. Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

LONDON, W.C.

1. The Yellow Book. Vol. 1. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
2. Astrophel, and other Poems. By Swinburne. 7s. (Chatto & Windus.)
3. Tennyson. By Stopford Brooke. 7s. 6d. (Isbister.)
4. If Christ came to Chicago. By W. T. Stead. 2s. 6d. (Office of *Review of Reviews*.)
5. Money. By Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
6. Man and Woman. By Havelock Ellis. 6s. (Walter Scott.)

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Weyman: A Gentleman of France.
2. Yachting. 2 vols. (Badminton.)
3. Harraden: In Varying Moods.
4. Moore: Esther Waters.
5. The Yellow Book. Vol. 1.
6. Royal Academy Pictures.
7. Webb: The History of Trade Unionism.

MANCHESTER.

1. Drummond's Ascent of Man. 7s. 6d. net.
2. Maccunn's Ethics of Citizenship. 4s. 6d. net.
3. Marie Corelli's Barabbas. 6s.
4. J. M. Jones's The Cup of Cold Water. 3s. 6d.
5. Zola's Money. 3s. 6d.
6. Mrs. Ward's David Grieve. 2s. 6d.

The first two books on this list are published at net prices, and yet the public make no complaint. It is also worthy of notice that the first, second, and fourth are sent out by the publishers in a neat cover, with the title printed on it, which enables the bookseller to keep his stock in good condition.

LIVERPOOL.

1. To Right the Wrong. 6s.
2. Ruskin on Music. 5s. net.
3. Esther Waters. 6s.
4. The Raiders. 6s.
5. Stickit Minister. 5s.
6. If Christ Came to Chicago. 2s. 6d.

LEEDS.

1. Marcella.
2. Moore's Esther Waters.
3. Hutton's Contemporary Thought.
4. Academy Notes.
5. Blatchford's Son of the Forge.
6. Swinburne's Astrophel.

BRADFORD.

1. *Esther Waters. Moore. 6s. (Scott.)
2. The Yellow Book. Vol. 1. 5s. net. (Mathews & Lane.)
3. Lombard Street in Lent. 3s. 6d. (Stock.)
4. Tennyson. Brooke. 7s. 6d. (Isbister.)
5. Ships that pass in the Night. Harraden. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
6. Stoughton's Recollections. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

HULL.

1. Esther Waters. 6s.
2. In Varying Moods. 3s. 6d.
3. The King's Assegai. 3s. 6d.
4. Adventures of a Younger Son. 5s.
5. Scott's Million Library.
6. Zola's Money. 3s. 6d.

BURNLEY.

1. The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
2. Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
3. Bartholomew's Handy Atlas of England and Wales. 5s. (A. & C. Black.)

*The sale of this book was increased by the Bradford Free Library "top-shelving" it.

4. To Right the Wrong. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
5. Marion Darche. By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. The Last Sentence. By Maxwell Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)

EDINBURGH.

1. The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
2. In Varying Moods. By Beatrice Harraden. 3s. 6d. (W. Blackwood & Co.)
3. Tom Sawyer Abroad. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
4. If Christ Came to Chicago. By W. T. Stead. 2s. 6d. (*Review of Reviews* Office.)
5. James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder. By P. Hay Hunter. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)
6. The Yellow Book. Vol. I. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews & Lane.)

MIDDLESBROUGH.

1. If Christ Came to Chicago. W. T. Stead.
2. In Varying Moods. Beatrice Harraden.
3. A Gentleman of France. Weyman.
4. Yachting. Badminton Library.
5. Social Evolution. Kidd.

A good sale continues for several of the new novels. Cheap edition of 'Yellow Aster' eagerly looked for.

GLASGOW.

1. Evolution and Christianity. By J. Iverach, D.D. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Philosophy and Development of Religion. By Dr. Pfleiderer (Gifford Lecturer). 2 vols., 15s. net. (Blackwood.)
3. Supernatural in Christianity. Lectures in reply to Dr. Pfleiderer. 2s. (T. & T. Clark.)
4. Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
5. James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder. By P. Hay Hunter. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
6. Pleasant Places: Words to the Young. By R. S. Duff, D.D., Minister of Free St. George's, Glasgow. 1s. 6d., or in extra binding, 1s. 9d. (Oliphant.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Woodstock, Border Waverley. 2 vols. 12s.
2. Prof. Huxley's Collected Works. Vols. 1 to 7. 5s. each.
3. The Temple Shakespeare. Separate plays. 1s. each, net.
4. Iverach's Evolution and Christianity. 2s.6d.
5. Hutton's Criticisms on Contemporary Thought, etc. 2 vols. 10s.
6. Tennyson, His Art, etc. 7s. 6d.

DUNDEE.

1. Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
2. The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
3. The Paris Salon Catalogue. 3s. (Chatto & Windus.)
4. Blackburn's Academy Notes. 1s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Both the stationery and book trade very quiet here, and have been for some time past.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.

Messrs. H. S. Nichols and Co., booksellers, of 3, Soho Square, W., have opened a branch establishment at 41, Quai des Grands Augustins, Paris, for the purchase and sale of rare books and prints.

LONDON, E.C.

The second-hand trade is quiet since Whitsuntide. Fair demand for works relating to Marriage, America, Isle of Wight, Mystics, etc., etc.

BIRMINGHAM.

(1) New and second-hand booksellers complain of the dulness of trade in Birmingham. Travellers say they have great difficulty in getting orders. At a sale by auction near Birmingham this week a set of the Christian Observer, 68 vols., 8vo, uniformly bound in half-calf, was knocked down to a private buyer for one shilling! The buyer, smiling, remarked, "They will do to give to some workhouse."

(2) The sale of novels is astounding; never before has the novelist had such a golden time. It is worthy of note that the sale is chiefly to the overworked—to lawyers, to doctors, to merchants, and the like. The historical romance is in great demand. The sale of "economic literature" is also very great. We find the clergy of large and populous parishes are the chief buyers of the new books dealing with the social problems of our time.

LIVERPOOL.
(*Second-hand.*)

Business very quiet this month. Little has been done except in educational books, textbooks of medicine and science, etc., and fiction. Slight inquiries for Swinburne and Stevenson. Of recent writers, Mr. Crockett has the greatest following.

The sale of Mr. Robertson Gladstone's Library by Messrs. Branch and Leete took place last month, where good prices were the rule.

LIVERPOOL.

Trade in Liverpool is very inactive and dull, and the year promises at the present to be as depressed as the preceding one.

The political outlook, combined with the flagging state of the shipping and other Lancashire staple industries, account for it, doubtless.

BRADFORD.

Two of the Bradford leading booksellers, independently of others in the trade, commenced May 1st to close their establishments on Tuesdays at 1 o'clock.

HEREFORD.

Mr. Thos. Carver's Catalogue of Books relating to Herefordshire and adjacent counties (including Wales) is in the press.

BOOKS WANTED.

Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.

C. T. ALLEE, 139, HIGH ST., NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

The Ring and the Book.
Raye's Tour in Isle of Wight.
Tomkins' " "
Calvert's " "

J. S. AMOORE, 28, HIGH ST., WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Bartlett's History of Wimbledon.
Any books on Wimbledon.
Lang's Blue Fairy Book.

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
S. C. Hall's Book of Memories.
Bennett's Pilgrim's Progress, 4to.
Hogg's Life and Times of Dr. Wightman.
Reid's Moorland Rhymes, if cheap.
Tulloch's Movements of Religious Thought.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Mill (J. S.) Autobiography.
Bain's Lessons from my Masters.
Prothero's Life of Dean Stanley.

APEL'S LIBRARY, HASTINGS.

Illustrations of Furniture by Thomas Chippendale.
Ascanio, Ingenué, The Corsican Brothers } by Dumas. Clean copies, cheap.
Chichester Smugglers.
Any old works or documents on Hastings previous to 1810.

R. R. BALFOUR, 133, HIGH STREET, MONTROSE.

Twice Round the Clock, original edn., G. A. Sala.
Streeter's Book on Precious Stones.
Barrow's Works, original edition.

A. BROWN, 15, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Newland's Carpenter and Joiners' Assistant.
Roberts' Midwifery.
Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, folio.
Davies' Biology.
John's Flowers of the Field, with Appendix.
Hislops on Mining.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

New Quarterly Mag., 1877, July, 1879.
Bridges' Nero, part 1.
History of Rival Interests in Ludlow (Hereford, 1828).

Jardine's Natural Library, Ornithology, vol. 13.
Grigg's Armorial Book-plates, 1st series.
Milman's Savonarola, etc.
Pearce's The Violin, etc.
Meredith's Shaving of Shagpat, 1856.
" Farina, 1857.
" " 1865, ppr.
" Richard Feverel, 3 vols., 1859.
Once a Week, 1860, parts or nos.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Bridges (R.), Growth of Love.
" Poems.
" Any works by.
Yule's Marco Polo, 2 vols., 1875.
Burton (R. F.) Mecca, 3 vols.
Omar Kayyam: Rubaiyat.
Wharton's Sappho.
Meredith's Poems, 1851.
Pierce Egan, any books by.
Velasquez and his Works, 1855.
Geneste's History of the Stage.
London and Westminster Review, April, 1839.
Fraser's Magazine, December, 1839.
Pellerin on Venereal Maladies, 1750.
Comical History of Francion.

J. E. CORNISH, 16, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER.

Jacob's English Fairy Tales, L.P.
Joachim Miller's Memorie and Rime.
Bagehot's Depreciation of Silver.
Barbour's Theory of Bimetallism.
Wilson (A. J.) Reciprocity.
Scottish Art Review for Nov., 1888.
Woodward's Heraldry, 2 vols.
Warren's Guide to Study of Book Plates.

W. H. COVINGTON (ESQ.), 30, BROMPTON SQUARE, S.W.

Poems. By a Sister. (London: 1812.) Printed for and sold by J. Walsh.

R. INGALTON DRAKE, ETON.

Chattock's Eton, cloth.
Cavalry Drill, vol. 2, 2 copies.
Prisoner of Zenda.
Noctes Ambrosiana, secondhand.
Thorburn's Coins, Upcott Gill.

L. J. FLETCHER, 7, CLIFTON LANE, ROTHERHAM.

D. G. Rossetti's Collected Works, 2 vols.
Symonds' Sketches in Italy and Greece.
Mrs. Oliphant's Makers of Florence.
" Makers of Venice.
Clean copies.

M. H. GILL & SON, DUBLIN.

Life of Robert Emmet, pub. by W. Tegg.

GEORGE GREGORY, BATH.

Wilton Gardens, Views of, by Le Nôtu (?)
" " Plates by Isaac de Caus.
" " Any plates or descriptions of.
Old views or plates of gentlemen's gardens, or any early curious books on gardening.
Curtis's Flora Londinensis.

F. T. GROOM, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

Badminton Library, first editions, cloth.

HARRISON & SONS, 59, PALL MALL, S.W.

Peard's A Year of Liberty.
Bateman's Great Landowners, 1883.
Lillywhite's Cricketer's Guide, 1836 and 1837.
Irish Steeplechase Calendar, 1842-43.
Sheraton's Old Furniture.
Shaw's Details of Architecture.
Badminton, Hunting, L.P.
" Fishing, L.P.
" Yachting, L.P.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool Underwriters' Red Books.
Waverley, 3 vols., old boards.
Guy Mannering, 3 vols., old boards.
Tales of My Landlord, old boards.
Le Gallienne: Bookbills of Narcissus.
" Volumes in Folio.
" My Ladies' Sonnets.
Waterloo Lectures, by Chesney.
Leaves from Life in the Highlands, 4to, red cloth, 1868.
Lever: O'Donoghue, parts 12, 13.
Memoirs of Chequered Life, 3 vols.

JOHN JOHNSTON, 32, LINTHORPE ROAD, MIDDLESBROUGH.

Her Sailor Love, Macquoid.
Dedham Park.
Romainson and Reformation, Guiness.
Under a Charm, Werner.
Historical Basis of Socialism, Hyndman.
English Folk Lore, Dyer.
Smollet's Works, 1 vol.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Minutes of Civil Engineers, vols. 1, 7, 8, and 10.
Caldecott's Songs and Graphic Pictures, folio, numbered copies.
Heavenly Twins, 6s. edn., cheap.
Cassell's Cabinet Portrait Gallery, parts or vols.
Gand or Talcot's Treatises on Weaving.
Luthardt's Truths of Christianity, 3 vols., cr. 8vo. (T. and T. Clark.)

MACMILLAN & BOWES, CAMBRIDGE.

Lang's Myth, Ritual, and Religion, 2 vols., 1887.
Prothero's English Farming, 1888.
Cliffe Leslie's Land Systems.
Mullinger's Schools of Charles the Great.
Rendall's Emperor Julian, 1879.
Gwatkin's Studies in Arianism.
Taylor's Sayings of the Jewish Fathers.
Burke's General Armory, 1883.

MACNIVEN & WALLACE, EDINBURGH.

Rawlinson's Parthia. Sixth Oriental Monarchy.

MATTHEWS & BROOKE, BRADFORD.

Grove Lowe's Roman Theatre of Verulam.
Andrews' Hertfordshire Brasses.
Bucks Views, St. Alban's Abbey.
Royal Agricultural Society Journal, complete.
Birds of the Borders, by A. Chapman.
Pictures of the Year, 1885, Pall Mall.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.

Beauty and the Beast, about 1810.
Beppo, a Venetian Story (Poem), 8vo, a pamphlet, 1818.
Bewick's Birds, Quadrupeds, or other works with woodcuts by Bewick.
Bibles: Old English or foreign Bibles, printed prior to 1600.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LEAMINGTON SPA.

Badminton Library, any.
Tales including Jack Newbery.
Stubbs' Constitutional History.
Roberts' Holy Land, vol. 4.
Murray Mitchell's Travels in S. India.
Symonds' Sketches in Greece and Italy.

H. S. NICHOLS & CO., 3, SOHO SQUARE, W.

Gallerie de Florence, 4 vols.
Martial's Epigrams, trans. by Fletcher (Nichols & Co., 1893.)
Skelton's Mary Stuart.
Sporting Mag., vol. 46, 1815, and vol. 16.
Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck, oblong 8vo, orig. cl
Camden Society's Promptorum Parvalorum, vol. 3.
Richardson's Ramayana, the Iliad of the East.
Helps' Catherine Douglas, 1843.
Wollstonecraft's Letters to Finlay.

JAS. NISBET & CO., 21, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

Home Notes, No. 1.
Moule's (H. M.) Christian Oratory, 1859.
Hunt (E. St. John), Thoughts of Sunshine in Sorrow, 2 series, 1862.
Exceeding Great and Precious Promises (Seeley).
Wagner's (E.) Wanderings of the Children of Israel.

PARRY & CO., 20, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

Winkle's Cathedrals, Nos. 8, 12, 23, 31 to 34.
Crockett, Stickit Minister, 1st edn.
Ahiman Rezon, 17—.
Thomson: Essays and Phantasies.
Lever: The O'Donoghue.
" Rent in a Cloud.
Erasmus: Praise of Folly.
Mill: Subjection of Woman.
De Morgan: Budget of Paradoxes.
Baring-Gould, any works.
Life in London, and Finish.
Borrow: Romany Rye, and others.
Roscoe's Novelist Library, any vols.

PHILIP, SON & NEPHEW, 45 TO 51, SOUTH CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

1 vol. 4 Wesley's (John) Works, 16-vol. edn., 1809 (Conference Office).
1 Pears' Annual, 1891, including plate "Oriental Colours."
Extra Christmas numbers of All the Year Round or Household Words, 1855, 1861, 1862,
Any Christmas Nos. of same works for 1853, 1852, etc.

SANDELL & SMITH, 136, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Calvin Society, set.
Ness (Christopher) History and Mystery of the Old and New Testaments, 4 vols., folio.
Perry's History of the Church, 3 vols.
Holland's Psalmists of Britain, 2 vols., 1843.
Biblical Cabinet, vols. 18 and 28.

WALTER T. SPENCER, 27, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Pickwick Papers, 1837, part 6.
Bentley's Miscellany, February, 1842.
Thackeray's Vanity Fair, parts 7, 8, 11.
Comic Almanack, 1852.

C. TERRY & CO., 80, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON WALL, E.C.

Ireland, any old books on—parcels bought for cash.
Hardy, Thos., first editions.
Stevenson, R. L., "
Lang, A., "

A. THISTLEWOOD, 302, BROAD STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Farrar's Eric, or, Little by Little.
Formby's Ancient Rome, 1880.
Gay's Poems and Dramatic Works, 1717.
Royal Illuminated Book of Legends, by Marcus Ward, 2 vols.
Steele's Malting and Brewing, 2 vols.

HENRY WALKER, 37, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

Matthew Henry's Commentary, 4to, part 82, Cassell's.
Smith's Old Yorks, 1st series, vol. 1, 2 copies.
Samuelson's History of Drink.
Orchid Album, vols. 5 to 10, Williams.
Art Journal, January, 1864, 2 copies.
Napoleon I. Despatches, compiled by Bingham, Chapman and Hall.
Mayhew's Antiquities of Leeds, coloured plates.
The Seven Dreamers, Osgood McIlvaine.

MATTHEW WELSH, 48, HIGH STREET, MONTROSE.

Dr. James Martineau's works, any.

JOHN F. WERGE, 3, KING'S CROSS TERR., BEAN ST., HULL.

Watson's Dendrologia Britannica.
Hadley's History of Hull.
Barnes' Notes.
Buckley's Science Books.
Any vols. of Punch, cheap.
Strand Magazine, parts 9, 13, 14, 15, 27.

E. B. WILDMAN, 10, JAMES STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Natural History, vol. 1, in Knight's English Cyclopædia, 1853.
War in Afghanistan, by John Wm. Kaye; vol. 1, 8vo, 1851, Bentley.
Byron's Works, 4 vols., 12mo, boards, Murray, 1830 (want vol. 3).

JAMES YATES, PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, LEEDS.

Matthew Arnold's Essays.
Zoological Record, 1866-69, 1886-87, 1889-90.
Lanfrey's Hist. of Napoleon, vol. 1, 8vo.
Mavor's Travels, Columbus, vol. 1.
Rollin's Ancient History, vol. 1, 1759.
Baines' Greenhouse Plants.
Baily's Magazine, Jan., 1893.
Health, vol. 3.
Idler, vols. 1 and 2.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, 69, TRUMPINGTON ST., CAMBRIDGE.

Fores's Sporting Notes, vols. 1 to 8, in parts, 38s.
Laing's Tour in Norway, 8vo, 1837, 4s.
Forbes' (Prof.) Norway and its Glaciers in 1851, coloured plates, 7s. 6d.

"X," MR. HAWSON, BOOKSELLER, WOLVERHAMPTON.

William Watson: Wordsworth's Grave, etc., 1st edn., Fisher Unwin, 1890.
George Gilfillan: First Gallery of Literary Portraits, 2nd edn., 1851.
Landor's Imaginary Conversations. 2nd series, 1824; 3rd series, 1828 (rebound).
Life of Jean Paul Richter, 2 vols., Chapman, 1845.
Balder, part 1, Sydney Dobell, 1854.
The Roman, Sydney Dobell, 1850.

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THE WILD RUTHVENS. [*Third Edition.*
THE BROWN PORTMANTEAU, and other Stories. [*Second Edition.*
HUSH. [*Third Edition.*
ONCE. [*Second Edition.*
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